

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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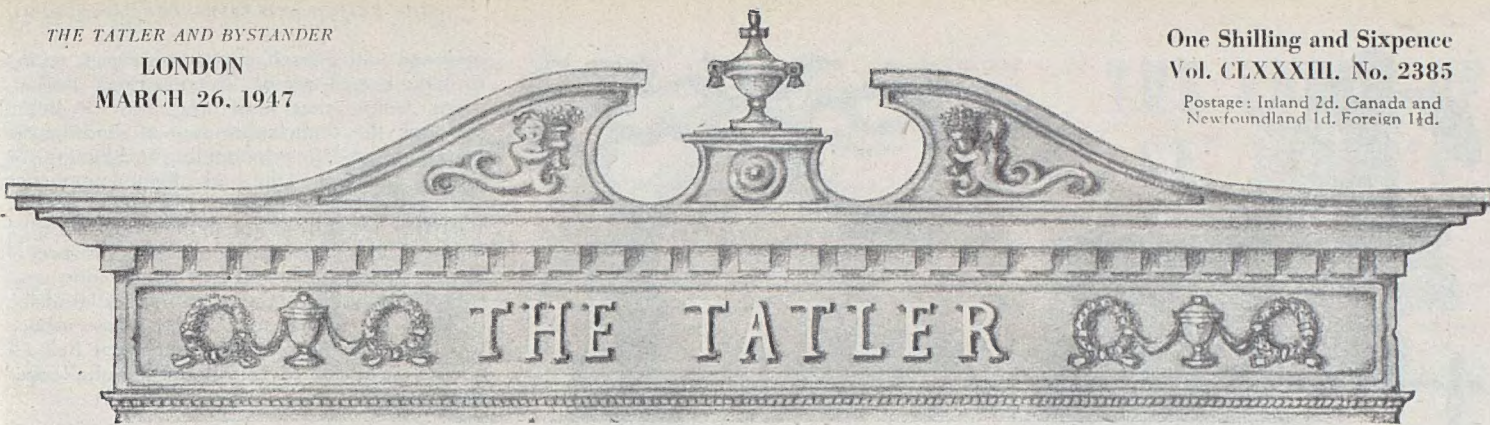
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Elizabeth Arden



A Soprano From the U.S.A. at Covent Garden

Audrey Bowman, who is playing the Queen of the Night in the new production of *The Magic Flute* at Covent Garden, has come over from the United States to sing in the opera season. Miss Bowman was born in Lincoln, England, but was brought up and educated at Cleveland, Ohio. She completed her singing training in New York and has sung with a number of U.S. opera companies. Amongst the operas in which she has distinguished herself are *Aida*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *The Magic Flute* and *Il Trovatore*, and her greatest role was that of the Queen of the Night which she sang at the Metropolitan Opera, New York. She is photographed above in the costume she wore for that production. At Covent Garden she wears a beautiful crinoline specially designed for her by Oliver Messel



Decorations by Wysard

Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

*This day Dame Nature seemed in love;
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juices did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their valentines.*

FRIENDS, the Spring is with us, and come the coal crisis, the frost that still grips deep in the soil, the dreary round of austerity living, the almost unfailing irritability of one's neighbours and all the rest of the ills to which our age is the sullen heir—despite it all, the words of dear and gentle Sir Henry Wotton, sometime Provost of Eton College, poet, prose-writer, diplomat and fisherman, may with profit be repeated.

We might even remind ourselves of Izaak Walton's description of him: "He returned out of Italy to England about the thirtieth year of his age, being noted by many both for his person and comportment; for indeed he was of a choice shape, tall of stature and of the most persuasive behaviour, which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered into an acquaintance." Oh that one could speak thus of some of our masters, our near-masters and our would-be-masters!

Wotton, it will be recalled (born March 30, 1568), was for twenty years ambassador to the city of Venice, and it was while journeying there and passing through Augsburg that he wrote in the album of his friend, Flecamore, his definition of an ambassador—"An honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Certainly ambassadors in those days (have they much altered?) had no great repute for veracity; but Wotton would seem later to have denied the implications of his own pun, for he is recorded as giving this advice to a friend who was setting out for service in an embassy: "Ever speak the truth; for if you do, you shall never be believed, and 'twill put your adversaries (who will still hunt counter) to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."

It would be flattering to think that herein lies the true reason for the French regarding us as perfidious, and the Americans believing us disingenuous, in matters of diplomacy, but I fear, I fear: . . .

Hunter and Hunted

I HAD a word or two to say last week about women, a subject upon which—I freely admit—I speak more with enthusiasm than close knowledge. There was not then time or space to tell of the bold Mary Kenrick. It is a tale well fitted to the season. The lady, who was the only daughter of a baronet of Berkshire, was left considerable properties and wealth upon the death of her father towards the close of the seventeenth century, and she soon after disposed herself in marriage in a very extraordinary way. We owe our apprehension of the facts in this matter to Robert Bell, who edited a somewhat rare work, *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry*, in 1857. It seems that many courted her with eyes both to her beauty, which was considerable, and her fortune, which was equally attractive. But she wouldn't look at them since none represented her beau ideal.

In the Spring, however, when "the fields and gardens were beset, with tulips, crocus, violet," she fell.

Benjamin Child, a young, handsome, but exceedingly poor attorney, it was who smote her heart such a thwack as might have been heard in the nuptial bowers for miles around. One look at him and Mary was done. She was hopelessly and helplessly in love; her hands trembled, her long lashes glistened with unbidden tears; a blush stained those unknissed cheeks and, no doubt, the tips of her ears were finely crimsoned as well. Strange sweet songs trilled within her.

All this happened at Reading where both were attending the wedding of a mutual acquaintance. What now to do? Mary went back to her Berkshire manor and for days

reasoned with herself upon the subject, trying to shake herself free of this consuming passion. Then, feeling that something must be done, she took the remarkable step of sending the young man a letter demanding satisfaction for injuries she alleged he had inflicted upon her and appointing time and place for a duel. Poor Ben, ignorant of the flame he had kindled in the lady's breast and equally unaware of having given mortal offence to any one, was completely baffled. Over a dish of sillabub he spoke of the matter to a friend whose advice was, "Attend the place and see what it is all about. I will come with you lest this challenger over-weights you."

Dilemma in Verse

MARY drove to the appointed spot, left her coach out of sight and:

Covered with her mask, and walking
There she met her lover, talking
With a friend that he had brought,
So she asked him whom he sought.

"I am challenged by a gallant
Who resolves to try my talent;
Who he is I cannot say,
But I hope to shew him play."

"It is I that did invite you;
You shall wed me or I'll fight you
Underneath those spreading trees;
Therefore chose from which you please.

"You shall find I do not vapour,
I have sought my trusty rapier;
'Therefore take your choice,' said she:
'Either fight or marry me!'"

Said he: "Madam, pray what mean you?
In my life I've never seen you;
Pray, unmask, your visage shew,
Then I'll tell you aye or no."

"I will not my face uncover
Till the marriage ties are over;
Therefore chose you which you will,
Wed me, sir, or try your skill.

"Step within that pleasant bower
With your friend one single hour;
Strive your thoughts to reconcile,
And I'll wander here the while."

While this beauteous lady waited,
The young bachelors debated
What was best for to be done.
Quoth his friend, "The hazard run;

"If my judgment can be trusted,
Wed her first, you can't be worsted;
If she's rich you'll rise to fame,
If she's poor, why, you're the same."

He consented to be married;
All three in-a coach were carried
To a church without delay,
Where he weds the lady gay.

Then (goes on the ballad) the pair went in her coach to the lady's elegant mansion where, leaving him in the parlour, she proceeded to dress herself in her finest attire, and by and by broke upon his vision as a young and handsome woman and his devoted wife:

Now he's clothed in rich attire,
Not inferior to a squire;
Beauty, honour, riches' store,
What can man desire more?

Seeing that Ben later became High Sheriff of the County of Berkshire, he would appear to have come very well out of the strange affair. I do not in the least blame Mary; she knew what she wanted and she got it.



But that friend of Ben's—I'm not too happy about him; he shows up in a sinister light, as I see it. Friend? One loving or attached to another? Preserve me from such a one. For, supposing Mary had been both poor and ugly and possessed of a shrewish tongue and manners? No. I don't care for the fellow.

Lucky Throw

As for Ben's morality, I personally do not call it into question. He took a chance, and it came off. He was, if you like, a gambler, even a gamester. Is it wrong to be such? We are taught that it is.

Yet it were pleasant to lean back and listen to that eminent jurist, Jean Barbeyrac (1674–1744) who was born and who died in the month of March. Compelled by fate to reside with a gambling mother-in-law and to sit for hours listening to the wearisome conversation of a party of old women playing cards, he improved the occasion by mentally laying the foundations of the most elaborate work on gaming ever written—*Traité de Jeu*, the first book of which (there were four) contains the most splendid and encouraging arguments to prove that gaming is not inconsistent with natural laws, morality or religion. "Every person," he says, "being at liberty to determine the conditions on which he will concede a right to another, may make it dependent upon the most chance circumstances. *A fortiori*, then, a person may fairly and honestly avail himself of these winnings, when he risked on the event as much as he was likely to gain. In fact, gaming is a contract, and in every contract

the mutual consent of the parties is the supreme law; this is an incontestable maxim of natural equity."

Tasty

So, I absolve Ben—and take added hope that my ticket in the Press Club Grand National Sweepstake will turn out to be the winner. Should it so do, I shall ask Mr. E. V. Knox, the learned and charming Editor of *Punch*, to join me in tackling a City of London Pie. He would not, I think, be disappointed, for here follows the true recipe:

Take eight marrow bones, eighteen sparrows, one pound of potatoes, a quarter of a pound of eringoes, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty chestnuts, half a pound of dates, a peck of oysters, a quarter of a pound of preserved citron, three artichokes, twelve eggs, two sliced lemons, a handful of pickled barberries, a quarter of an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of sliced nutmeg, half an ounce of whole cinnamon, a quarter of an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of a pound of currants. Liquor when it is baked with white wine, butter and sugar.

Such, I believe, would be some small recompense for him and for me; we were, for two weeks, out of work and out of countenance, our respective journals having been *verboten* by reason of the fuel situation.

PS. A selected few others who were similarly afflicted might come in—below the salt.

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



Bassano

H.E. Mme Najeeb al Armanazi, wife of the Syrian Minister

NEWEST envoy at the Court of St. James's of the most powerful, rich, and politically dominant territory in the world, the United States of America, the Hon. Lewis W. Douglas will be busy for several weeks on the diplomatic tournée. It is only after his presentation, to the King or the King's personal representatives, of the Letters of Credence, that the envoy becomes formally an Ambassador.

Immediately following this ceremony, the Ambassador begins the task that causes every new envoy's private secretary to wish that he or she could suddenly resign, or conveniently take a month's holiday. For the Ambassador and private secretary (not to be confused with the batch of Embassy secretaries who are diplomatists of varying rank, junior to a Counsellor or Minister) face delicate work of enormous proportions.

Between them the two arrange courtesy visits by the incoming envoy on the other twenty-two or three Ambassadors already at St. James's, in correct order, according to seniority; there is the instructional stay with the dean of the diplomatic corps, now the modest but superbly informed Senhor J. J. Moniz de Aragao, Ambassador of Brazil.

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NEXT the Ambassador's private secretary has to arrange for the return calls, at the chief's private residence or his office in the Chancery, by the twenty-three Ambassadors. She then concentrates on the twenty-five visits by the Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary in London. Being "lesser" men in the Corps Diplomatique they call first on the new Ambassador. I must not forget the High Commissioners of the Dominions, and again, leading members of the Government and of the Opposition.

All this would be fairly simple, but on top of the original plans the Ambassador has to attend luncheons, dinners and receptions, give luncheons, dinners and receptions that keep his diary full for a month ahead. And what of his real work?

Mr. Douglas may be trusted to get through his ordeal with speed.

FOREIGN diplomatists visiting London for the conferences held here in 1945 and 1946 promptly recognized the skill of His Excellency Dr. Najeeb al Armanazi, modest, retiring and shrewd envoy of three million Syrians. They induced him to become chairman of various committees. The choice proved wise, for he steered the ship dealing with the winding up of the League of Nations with commendable competence and rare tact.

Dr. Armanazi comes of a family of eight in Hama, a small town which lies near the world's most ancient city, Damascus.

In Damascus he received his degree in law, and in Paris, for a thesis on Islam and international law, a doctorate. Returning to the Syrian capital he worked for the national movement and controlled a leading newspaper. Then came power. From 1932 until 1945, when he reached London, Armanazi was in a post of exceptional influence, as head of the President's cabinet.

FIRST Syrian minister to be appointed for service abroad, first envoy to Great Britain, Armanazi will celebrate his fiftieth birthday next month. He has already placed his country (which is an important link in the Arab League) and Great Britain, in his debt. For he has shown finesse and a sense of timing in attempting to help the efforts at mediation between London and Cairo, in striving to settle the differences over the treaty of alliance with Egypt.

George Bilainkin.

NEW AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO BRITAIN



Mr. Lewis Douglas, who has been appointed Ambassador to Britain, photographed at his residence in Prince's Gate, S.W.7, shortly after arriving in London. He succeeds Mr. Averell Harriman who was recalled last October



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

Jane (Aldwych). Comedy from Somerset Maugham's short story, with Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire, Irene Brown and Charles Victor.

The Man From the Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

The White Devil (Duchess). Robert Helpmann and Margaret Rawlings in a magnificently acted and produced revival of Webster's tragedy.

The Anonymous Lover (Duke of York's). Valerie Taylor, Hugh Sinclair and Ambrosine Phillpotts deal dexterously with some amusing marital mix-ups.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

The Gleam (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

The Eagle Has Two Heads (Haymarket). Jean Cocteau's drama with magnificent performances by Eileen Herlie as the queen of a remote country, and James Donald as her lover. This is theatre in the grand style.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Rossiters (Lyric, Hammersmith). Diana Wynyard in a dramatic play on the eternal triangle theme.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Sir Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

Truant in Park Lane (St. James's). Dame Lilian Braithwaite and Ronald Young in a comedy dealing with the supernatural.

The Shop at Sly Corner (St. Martin's). Arthur Young and Victoria Hopper in a thriller with an unusual ending.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

Now Barabbas (Vaudeville). Brilliant acting in this moving and original play about prison life.

Caviar To The General (Whitehall). An amusing satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugenie Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Basil Radford, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

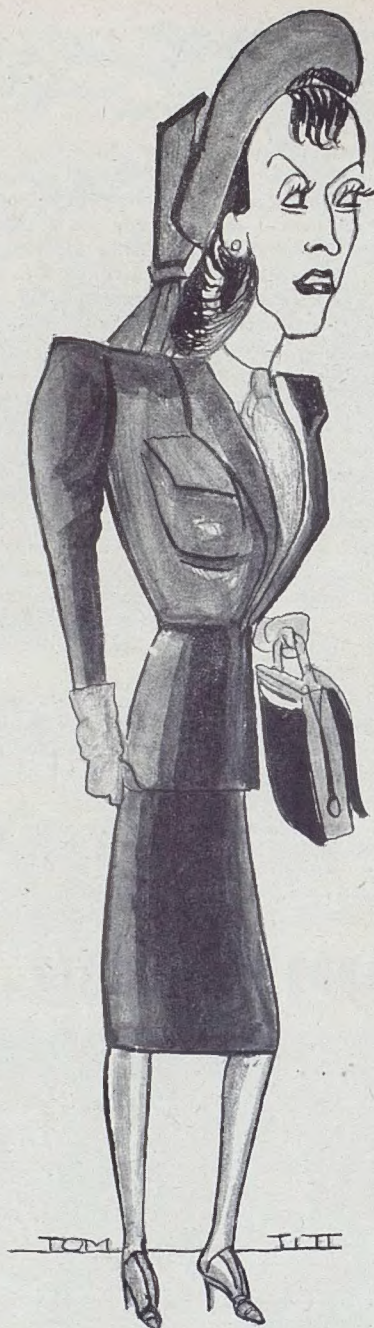
Pacific 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance to Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Ivor Novello and Roma Beaumont.

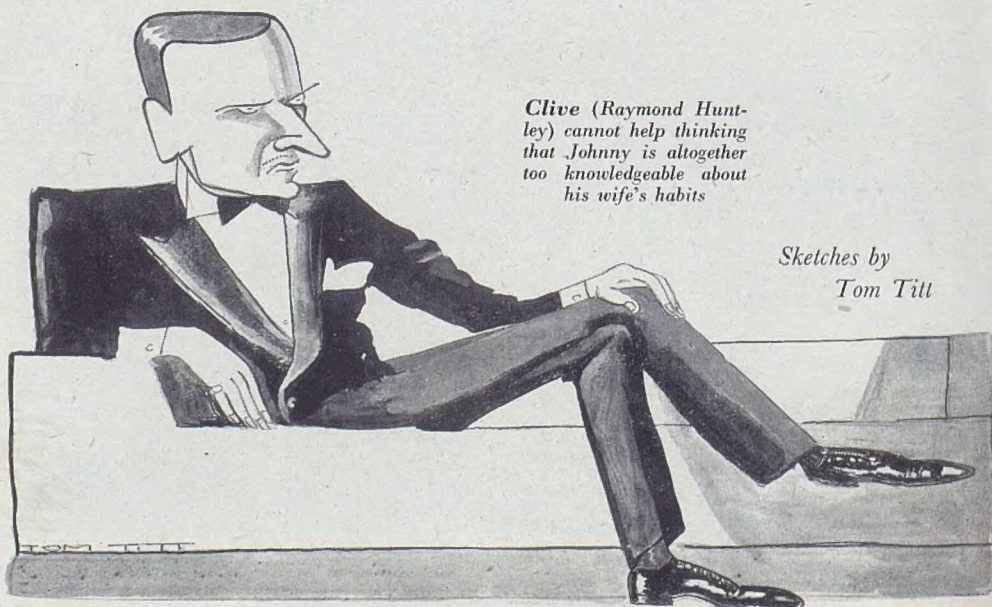
Song of Norway (Palace). Operatic version of the life of Grieg. Music, spectacle and ballet and some fine singing.

Under the Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting cast.



Marion (Valerie Taylor), Clive's wife, who provides unwitting material for Johnny's play-writing activities, looks apprehensive at the result



Clive (Raymond Huntley) cannot help thinking that Johnny is altogether too knowledgeable about his wife's habits

Sketches by
Tom Titt

At the

"The Anonymous Lover"

MR. VERNON SYLVAINÉ is my favourite writer of farces that cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called intellectual. His fun is simple and usually it follows the same pattern. Some might say that it is a pattern indistinguishable from that of a dozen other farces by different hands; but I find in Mr. Sylvainé's workmanship an admirable certainty that I miss elsewhere. He has, I think, greater technical skill than any one else in his line.

He has also a now uncommon sense of situation. His farces do not live from hand to mouth, from joke to joke, but work themselves gradually up to a climax in such a way that laughter is cumulative and every fresh touch of absurdity adds momentum to the central joke.

THE central joke this time can scarcely be called original. Shakespeare was so fond of it that he used it twice, once in *All's Well That Ends Well*, and again in *Measure for Measure*. It is the substitution in the dark bedroom of the unexpected for the expected visitor. But Mr. Sylvainé is obviously dedicated, not to a will-o'-the-wisp hunt after originality, but to the increasing mastery of a familiar formula.

His favourite characters are jealous women and timid husbands. In *Women Aren't Angels* or in *Madame Louise*, no doubt in both, the chameleon-minded men were dressed up in their wives' clothes.

The more timid one was duly bullied into pretending to make love to the other's wife and was duly horrified at his easy success. The chief difference this time is that the men do not dress up in their wives' clothes; they wear instead whatever virtues or vices it pleases their wives to impose upon them.

Theatre

(Duke of York's)

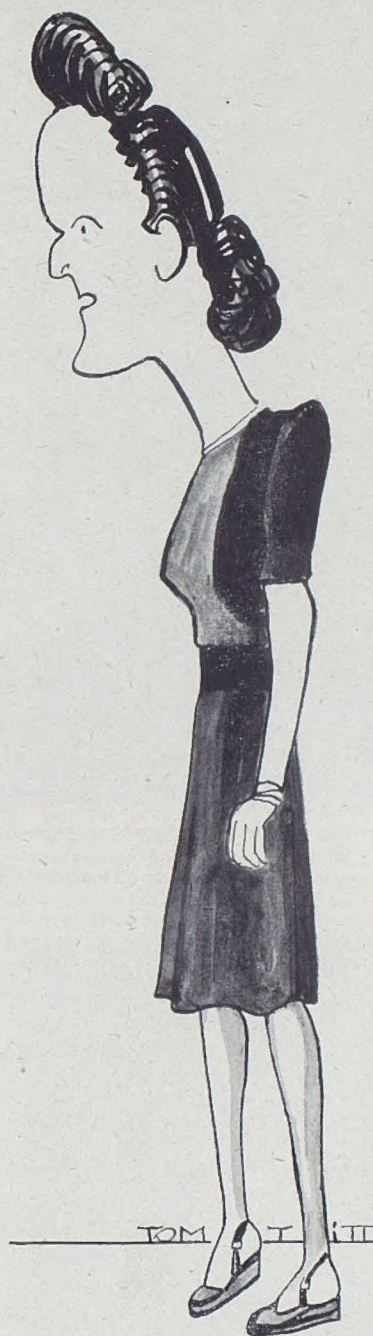
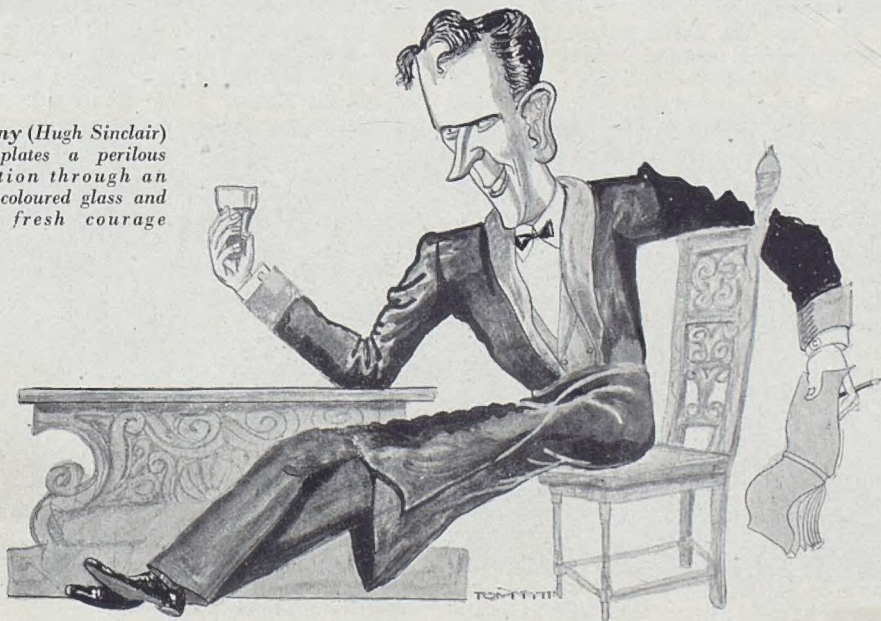
The timid husband is a playwright whose fearless study of woman is based all too plainly on his neighbour's wife. His neighbour is justly aggrieved. Having seen herself on the stage, she has looked at her husband with new eyes. Under her pitiless questioning he has confessed to an infidelity. She leaves him, and his only consolation is that the author of his woe chooses the same moment to quarrel with his shrewish wife and to fling himself out of the house with wild threats and shocking boasts. Husband No. 1 feels certain that his wife, a seeming paragon of virtue, will be safe with his shy and heart-whole friend.

This is very nearly a miscalculation, as the amusing second act reveals in detail—perhaps in rather too much detail, but No. 1 is a cool and resourceful liar, and his lies take the form of deeds as well as words. All's well that ends well, but before there can be an end Husband No. 2 has been so raked with questions and cross-questions that he is willing for the sake of peace and quiet to admit himself the greatest rake in history or the saintliest character that ever trod the earth. In short, he is "all in" as his treacherous ally is "all out"; and that is the right and true end of a Sylvaine farce.

THE four players are Mr. Raymond Huntley, Miss Valerie Taylor, Mr. Hugh Sinclair and Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts, and all four catch and keep the note of seriousness on which the fun of farcical antics depends. Mr. Huntley is a thought more serious than the rest and is by so much the funniest, but Miss Taylor is to be congratulated on carrying through successfully the overlong but crucial scene in which the paragon of virtue comes near to upsetting her husband's confident calculations. Old-fashioned nonsense, perhaps, but tautly written, tautly acted, and by no means devoid of wit.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Johnny (Hugh Sinclair) contemplates a perilous situation through an amber-coloured glass and takes fresh courage



Kay (Ambrosine Phillpotts) also takes a very poor view of her husband, *Johnny's*, irresponsible pen

BACKSTAGE



ONE of the youngest producers in the country, twenty-one years old Peter Brook will be responsible for *Romeo and Juliet* which opens the Shakespeare Festival of 1947 at Stratford-on-Avon on April 15.

The qualities upon which he has concentrated—youth, violent passions, swift action, virile fighting and intense reality—are likely to make this a striking production. Brook, who went off to study the play in the inspiring atmosphere of a Portuguese summer, spent a long time in searching for the ideal young lovers. He found them in twenty-six years old Laurence Payne, who is dark, lithe and Italianate, and eighteen-year-old Daphne Slater, who so far has played only one professional part on the stage. Beatrix Lehmann will play the Nurse—her first Shakespearean role.

I am told that thousands want to attend the opening performance and *Twelfth Night*, the "Birthday" play on April 23, at which Ambassadors from many countries and representatives from the Dominions will be present. Four times the theatre's capacity of 1,200 would be needed to accommodate those who wish to see these two performances alone.

WHEN *The Animal Kingdom* opens at the Playhouse on April 2, Frank Lawton will be seen in the part played by the late Leslie Howard (that of a young publisher), when Philip Barry's comedy had a very successful run on Broadway.

This will be found to be an amusing variation on the eternal triangle theme with Lawton involved between Renée Asherson and Elizabeth Allan.

IN the Anglo-Polish Ballet which opens its first peacetime season at the Saville tonight (March 26), London makes the acquaintance of a new recruit to the company in Loda Halama, sister of the lovely Alicia Halama who, with Konarski and Jan Cobel (a Warsaw business man) started the ballet during the war. It grew out of a chance meeting of these three at the Polish Embassy in London.

There are four Halama sisters, and all are dancers. Their mother was a dancer, too; their father a musician. Loda Halama remained in Poland when Alicia escaped. She continued to dance at the Warsaw Opera—and to work in the Underground movement beside her husband who was eventually caught and killed. Only then did she think of making her own escape for the sake of her two-year-old son. After many adventures she got to Switzerland, where she was already known as a dancer.

Since its last appearance in London the Anglo-Polish Ballet has toured in Switzerland, Italy and other European countries as well as in India, Singapore and Burma.

I UNDERSTAND that when Noel Coward appears in his comedy *Present Laughter* at the Haymarket shortly, *The Eagle Has Two Heads* will be transferred to another theatre. The play has perplexed many, but everyone has found delight in the acting of Eileen Herlie who, under a seven-year contract to Sir Alexander Korda, will not be required for filming until the autumn.

DENHOLME ELLIOTT who plays the good-looking but unpleasant young schoolboy in *The Guinea Pig* at the Criterion has just demonstrated his versatility by giving a piano recital at the Bechstein Hall. It is quite a remarkable performance when you consider that he had only one year of practical tuition.

An eighteen-year-old student at the R.A.D.A. before the war he joined the R.A.F. in 1940, was shot down in a raid in 1942 and spent over three years in a German prison camp. While there he resolved to fulfil his early ambition to be a pianist, but as the piano was lacking he had to be content with learning theory from one fellow prisoner and to undertake finger exercises under another. When freedom came he had one year of study in London while working in repertory and he managed to attain professional form.

Beaumont Kent.

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

My Version of "Nicholas Nickleby"

A sick bed is a wonderful place in which to tidy up the mind. I have been asking myself as I reclined, sat up, or slummocked, looking at a sea remarkably like the one in Tosti's "Goodbye"—I have been asking myself how I should set about making a film of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Readers will please note that I have not yet been permitted by the doctors to see the film, and that nothing that follows is to be twisted into criticism by implication. Obviously the first thing I have to decide is (1) what part of the book I should keep in and (2) what part I should cut out. This again can be divided into (a) plot and (b) characters. Here I am going to grasp the nettle firmly and say that I should either omit the plot entirely, or if not entirely then leave only the barest skeleton to keep my chosen characters together.

I SUPPOSE I have spent more hours over this great book than the printers who first set it up. There are whole pages that I know by heart, as against which I know less about the story than I do of any other masterpiece, including the incomprehensible *Wuthering Heights*, in which nobody has ever known who is who. At the age of fourteen, at the end of my second reading, I resolved never again to wade through any pages containing any allusion to Ralph Nickleby, Arthur Gride, Newman Noggs, John Browdie, Brooker, Mrs. Sliderskew, Madeleine Bray. The book's closing paragraph runs:

"The grass was green above the dead boy's grave, and trodden by feet so small and light, that not a daisy drooped its head beneath their pressure."

I swear by the soul of Dickens that I haven't the vaguest notion who this dead boy is. And the book ends:

"Through all the spring and summer-time, garlands of fresh flowers, wreathed by infant hands, rested on the stone; and when the children came to change them lest they should wither and be pleasant to him no longer, their eyes filled with tears, and they spoke low and softly of their poor dead cousin."

What children? Kate Nickleby's by that nonentity Frank Cheeryble? Probably. But the "cousin" defeats me, at any remove.

Now, who are the people I should retain? Wackford Squeers, Mrs. Squeers, Fanny Squeers and her friend Tilda Price, and, of course, Master Wackford Squeers and those delicious louts, the unhealthy Bolder with warts all over his hands, Cobbey whose sister sent him a misguided eighteen-pence, Graymarsh whose aunt forwarded a tract instead of the promised stockings, and Mobbs whose mother-in-law took to her bed on hearing he wouldn't eat fat.

Next, I should retain the whole of the Crummles lot. A very good party game is to ask a number of people who pose as Dickensians to make a list of that company's female members. Mrs. Crummles, Miss Ninetta Crummles, Miss Snevellicci, Miss Henrietta Petowker—how bravely they always

start. And then the list seems to Petowker out. No mention of Miss Ledrook, Miss Gazingi who used to flog Master Crummles, Jr., with the ends of an imitation ermine boa. A conspiracy of silence about Mrs. Lenville, "decidedly in that way in which she would wish to be if she truly loved Mr. Lenville." Not a word about Miss Bravassa, "who had once had her likeness taken in character by an engraver's apprentice." And, alas, complete oblivion for Miss Belvawney, who seldom aspired to speaking parts, and usually went on as a page in white silk hose, to stand with one leg bent and contemplate the audience. I should not forget even Mrs. Grudden.

THEN, of course, I must have my Wititterleys. And here, I think, I should risk extraordinary innovation. I should not be content with hearing Mr. Wititterley repeat Sir Tumley Snuffim's diagnosis of his wife's ailment—"Her complaint is soul." I should introduce Sir Tumley himself! I should insist, too, on Alphonse, Mrs. Wititterley's page: "If ever an Alphonse carried plain Bill in his face and figure, that page was the boy."

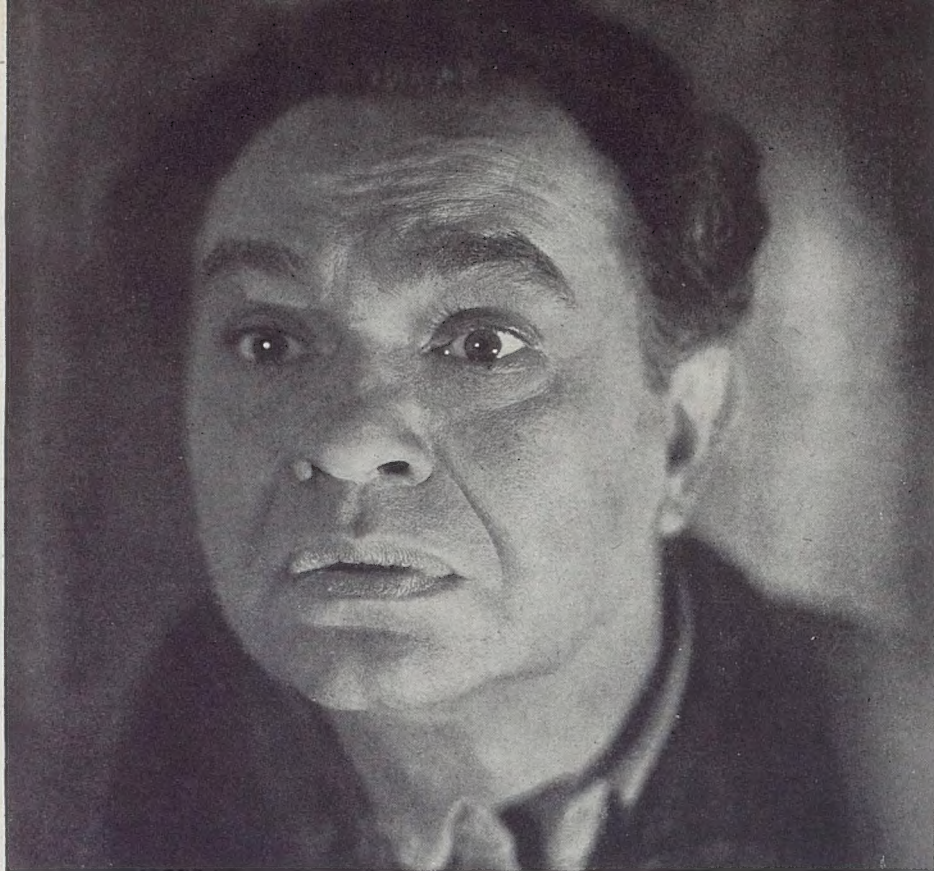
And then, of course, there would be the Curdles. Here again I should not be content with Mr. Curdle's hackneyed definition of the unities. I should take my courage in both hands. I should make that master of taste read a page or two of that post octavo pamphlet on the character of the Nurse's deceased husband in *Romeo and Juliet*.

ALL of which brings me to this great novel's crowning achievement—Mrs. Nickleby. Mrs. Nickleby on the manners of hackney coachmen. On night-caps. On roast pig. Mrs. Nickleby on curing a common cold. "You have a gallon of water as hot as you can possibly bear it, with a pound of salt and sixpen'orth of the finest bran, and sit with your head in it for twenty minutes every night

just before going to bed; at least, I don't mean your head—your feet. It's a most extraordinary cure. I used it for the first time, I recollect, the day after Christmas Day, and by the middle of April following the cold was gone." Mrs. Nickleby on legs. "There can be no doubt that the gentleman in the next house is a gentleman, although he does wear smalls and grey worsted stockings. That may be eccentricity, or he may be proud of his legs. I don't see why he shouldn't be. The Prince Regent was proud of his legs, and so was Daniel Lambert, who was also a fat man; he was proud of his legs. So was Miss Biffin; she was—no," added Mrs. Nickleby correcting herself, "I think she had only toes, but the principle is the same."

AND that's about the lot. The Mantalinis? It is possible they might have to go, and Miss Knag with them, though it would be a demnition nuisance. If necessary I should get rid of the Hawks, Verisophts, Plucks, Pykes, and the entire brood of Lillyvicks and Kenwises. At a pinch I could do without Kate Nickleby and even her brother *Nicholas*, on whom the whole story is alleged to hinge but doesn't. But not one word would I cut of Mrs. Nickleby, one of the three great gentlewomen in Dickens, no prize being awarded to anybody who guesses that Mrs. Micawber and Betsey Trotwood are the other two.

Not for any guerdon within the power of Ealing Studios to offer would I lessen that spate of talk that flooded Thames knows nothing about, talk which ranges from the young woman who turning a corner into Oxford Street ran across her hairdresser escaping from a bear, always provided it wasn't the bear who had escaped from her hairdresser's—as I say, from that interesting young woman to the more enigmatic one whose name began with a "B," ended with a "g," and was probably "Waters."



EDWARD G. ROBINSON stars in *The Red House*, a new psychological thriller based on the novel by George Agnew Chamberlain. In it Robinson plays the part of a man who is a victim of slow mental disintegration, haunted by a crime he had committed in his youth. Edward G. Robinson has mastered many powerful roles in his screen career and *The Red House* recalls his magnificent performance in *The Stranger*. Others in the cast are Lon McCallister and newcomers Allene Roberts and Julie London. Delmer Daves was the director



Miss Jeanette Deeley and Miss Jill Deeley arriving at the premiere



Greta Gynt, who will be seen soon in the film version of "Dear Murderer"



Sally Gray, whose latest film, "Green For Danger," has been having a great success



Simone Signoret talking to Michael Balcon, producer of "Nicholas Nickleby"



Mrs. Edward Chapman and Alfred Drayton, who plays the part of Squeers in the film.

A New Dickens Film Premiere at the Odeon

Nicholas Nickleby is the latest of Dickens's novels to be filmed, and its colourful story gives the actors some fine opportunities. The premiere was attended by many stars of stage and screen, and several descendants of the famous writer came to see the film



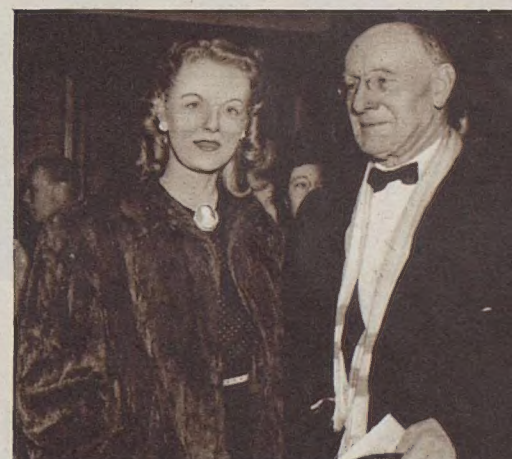
Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Howes and their talented young daughter, Sally Ann, who plays Kate Nickleby



The director, Cavalcanti, and the "Madeleine Bray" of the film, Jill Balcon



Derek Bond and his wife. He plays Nicholas and made his first success in "The Captive Heart"



Two descendants of Charles Dickens at the premiere were Miss Monica Dickens, the writer, and Mr. Henry Dickens



Phyllis Calvert, who has recently returned from America, and her husband, Peter Murray-Hill



Derrick de Marney, whose new film will be "Uncle Silas," escorted Rosalind Boulter



Griffith Jones, who has been appearing in "Lady Windermere's Fan," arriving with his wife



Anne Crawford and David Henley. Miss Crawford will be seen soon in "The Crowthers of Bankdam"



The procession of debutantes for the Cake Ceremony

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL

NEARLY a hundred debutantes made their curtsy to Lady Hamond-Graeme at the first section of the twentieth Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House. These balls, under the Presidency of Lady Hamond-Graeme, with the able help of Mr. Seymour Leslie, have raised many thousands of pounds for Queen Charlotte's Hospital, which still needs voluntary support to carry on—anyhow, until after the new National Health Bill really comes into effect.

This year there was a very well-groomed and good-looking bevy of debutantes who took part in the procession round the ballroom and the historic ceremony of cutting the cake. In recent years, with the ever-increasing difficulty and rising cost of private entertainment, these occasions have taken the place of a private "coming-out" dance, and many young girls have made their debut at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, very often under the chaperonage of Lady Hamond-Graeme, who always has a long table at the end of the room with from twenty to thirty guests. More about the parties at the Ball in my Journal next week.

Jennifer



The Hon. Elizabeth Boot, youngest daughter of Lord Trent, and Lieut. C. B. Holman, Horse Guards



Miss Daphne Bruce and the Hon. Rosalind Bruce, niece and daughter of Lord Aberdare



Miss Susan Greenwood and Lieut. Richard Greenwood on the dance floor



Miss Anne Clifford, eldest of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford's three pretty daughters



Miss Juanita Forbes and Mr. A. Beattie were also dancing together



Miss P. Blair-Drummond, daughter of Patricia Countess of Cottenham



Miss C. Congreve's earring is adjusted by Miss A. Foote during a pause in the dancing



Mr. I. Scott-Ellis holds a mirror for the Hon. Anne Cholmondeley, Lord Delamere's younger daughter



The Hon. Brigid Westenra, daughter of Lord and Lady Rossmore



The guests at this table included Mr. Gordon Nares, Miss Mollie Forster, Mr. Northcott, Miss Alex Craig-Mooney, Dr. Henry Forster, Miss Vivian Forster and Mr. Robin Pitt



Lord Aberdare's party: Miss Daphne Bruce, Mr. E. L. Garland, the Hon. Gwyneth Bruce, Major A. R. Taylor, the Hon. Rosalind Bruce, Lady Aberdare, Mr. Peter Haig and Miss June Gwynne



Miss Barbara Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Evans, of Johannesburg

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

[from Paris]

ARRIVING in Paris off the Blue Train (on which I found dinner and breakfast not yet up to their old standard) from Monte Carlo, it was pleasant to find no heating or lighting cuts at the Ritz Hotel, and be able to quickly enjoy a hot bath—to me, always the best thing in the world after a long journey.

Going before lunch into the Ritz bar, which was packed as usual, I saw the Hon. David Herbert with a party of friends, including Sir Michael Duff and Mrs. Chaplin, looking very attractive. Miss Rosemary Earle, very chic in black, was at another table with a friend; she is the daughter of the late Sir Algernon Earle and Lady Earle, and is living in Paris now, which is sad for her many friends over here. Two great personalities in the fashion world, Miss Nina Leclercq, beautifully turned-out as usual, and Mr. Norman Hartnell also came in to join friends.

During my brief visit I managed to see two of the spring fashion collections, firstly that of Pierre Balmain, which was charming, and secondly, Christian Dior's. Pierre Balmain had the misfortune to be in a car accident the day before the opening of his collection and had his leg broken rather badly, so has not been present at any of the showings. Christian Dior's clothes have been the sensation of the Paris collections this spring, a very big display of really lovely clothes; but alas, few of these models will be seen in England, I am afraid, as there were yards of material in most of the dresses, so many of the skirts and often the bodices were pleated among the day dresses, and for evening the skirts were often draped or very voluminous—styles impossible to make in this country with the present coupon difficulties. I heard that American buyers had ordered models from this collection in a big way, but they do not have any coupons to worry about in America! I have never seen such a crowd at a dress-show. Both showrooms were crowded and smart women were sitting all the way up the stairs, where they could only get a short glimpse of the mannequins as they passed.

Among those I saw in the front row of seats were Baroness James de Rothschild, Mme. de Chambure, Mme. de la Haras, Comtesse d'Oster Sacken, who is American by birth; Mme.

Patience, and Marie Bell, the French actress, who is playing at the Ambassadeurs in *Les Secrets*.

Among others who have been to see this collection are Queen Farida of Egypt, who always dresses so beautifully; Princess Pierre of Greece, Lady Rothermere, Mme. Georges Auric, Princess Sisxt de Bourbon, the Marquise de Levy-Mirepoix and the Comtesse de la Falaise.

PRISCILLA (our Priscilla in Paris) took me one night to the Comédie Française to see that splendid classic of Racine's, *Andromaque*, beautifully acted. Mme. Vera Korène played the part of Hermione magnificently. This was her first appearance on the French stage since her return from the United States, where she had to go during the war.

Afterwards I joined friends for supper at Maxims, which has recently reopened and looks just the same as ever. During the war it was taken over entirely by the Germans, and was a favourite haunt of Goering. From Maxims we went on to the Club des Champs Elysée, which at the moment is the smart "nighterie" of Paris. This is a well-lit and well-ventilated club under the large Champs Elysée theatre, with two good bands and a well-dressed and slick floor-show.

Next day I had a delightful lunch at the Officers' Club, where I met Baroness de Wardener, who supervises the club so well; attractive and chic, Baroness de Wardener is also extremely quick and intelligent and can always advise members where to buy, what to see and where to go, which is such an advantage for those only spending a short leave in Paris. The club is open now not only for serving soldiers but also for ex-officers living in Paris.

Among those I saw lunching the day I was there were Cdr. Beverly in naval uniform—he is head of the British Mission in Paris—and Air Vice-Marshal George, the Air Attaché at the British Embassy (which is next door to the club), who was lunching with W/Cdr. Hawkins. At another table Brig. Ebsworth, the C.O. at the British H.Q. in Paris, was lunching; he has his wife and daughter in Paris with him. Col. Carr, head of British Airways in Paris, had a

party of five; two others lunching were Col. Philipps and Mr. Piquet-Wicks, who used to be with Sir Samuel Hoare (now Lord Templewood) at the British Embassy in Spain, and afterwards did magnificently in the war.

Later Priscilla took me to a lovely party to celebrate the engagement of their son given by M. and Mme. Jules Simon at their fine apartment on Avenue Bosquet, high up overlooking the Seine and the new Trocadero Road. The sun streamed into the three fine reception-rooms, which were opened into each other for the occasion; lovely tapestries hung on the walls and huge bowls of white lilac, pink carnations and pink tulips were everywhere.

THE buffet was a wonderful sight; so many delicious things to eat one hasn't seen for years, and iced coffee made with thick cream. The hostess looked charming in black; she was a great explorer before the war and motored across the Sahara with only a woman friend, Mme. Curel, who was also at the party. Mme. Simon and Mme. Curel drove an ambulance during the war, and I saw many of their friends from the A.S.A. (which was rather like our M.T.C.) at the party, including the very attractive Marquise de Polignac, who wore the most exquisite hat made of shaded blue ospreys. She organised and ran restaurants for the poor during the war. M. Laroche, who was for some time Ambassador in Belgium, was another guest I met.

Later I went on for cocktails with M. and Mme. Fred-Faure at their lovely house in Avenue Victor Hugo which was built by M. Faure's father. During the occupation the Germans used it for some time and did a certain amount of damage to the lovely furniture, and especially the mirrored furniture and fittings which were in Mme. Fred-Faure's rooms. Their country home in Normandy was near a German airfield and was completely destroyed by bombing when the Allies landed in France.

The Fred-Faures have a charming son, "Stani," a schoolboy, who helped to entertain their guests, and two very pretty married daughters, now the Comtesse de Guichenu and Mme. Ludovitch Froissard. Mme. Fred-Faure, who is fair and very pretty, is a daughter of the Comtesse



Lady Cook, wife of Sir Thomas Cook, and H.E. the Mexican Ambassador, M. Jimenez O'Farrill



Señor Liceuciano Mena, Lieut.-Colonel Sir Thomas Cook, Chairman of the Society, and Señor Don Emilio Calderon-Puig



Colonel Sir Charles Macandrew, M.P. for Bute and the Northern Division of Ayr, Lady Macandrew and General M. Radovitch

The British Mexican Society Reception at Canning House

de Vendegies d'Hust; she worked after the liberation at the Canada Corner Canteen run by Mrs. Lee, and she and her husband have been most hospitable to the British Military Mission in France.

With Mme. Fred-Faure I then went on to dine with the Princesse de Croÿ at her beautiful home in Avenue Foch, where she has some priceless pictures and lovely furniture. The Princesse, who talks perfect English, is a wonderful hostess, and it was a gay and amusing dinner party, with the most superb dinner of French food and wines.

The other guests included Comte de La Forest-Divonne, the Naval Attaché, a brilliant conversationalist, who is renowned for his great intelligence, and gay and witty M. Willy Durand, who is always the life and soul of any party and who has many friends in this country, which he used to visit frequently before the war. The Princesse's brother, the Marquis de Pomereu, was there with his very chic and charming wife, who wore the most fascinating diamond brooch. They had just flown back from Morocco, where they own big estates, and said the weather there was wet and cold too. The Marquise's brother, the Duc d'Harcourt, was another guest; his lovely chateau in Normandy, the Chateau de Thury-Harcourt, one of the show-places of France, was, I was sad to hear, destroyed by the Germans.

The other guests were Mr. Guy Snyder, an amusing and gay American who was spending a couple of weeks in Paris, and amused his hostess with his many witty stories, and Comte Philippe de Brissac. Princesse de Croÿ told me she had not been to England since the Coronation, but she hopes to come over to London in May, which is good news for her many English friends.

NEXT day I left the warmth and comfort of the Ritz for the rather doubtful warmth of London! During my stay at the Ritz I saw the Duke of Alba with his daughter, the Duchess of Montora; they had come on from St. Moritz; Mrs. Harry Hopkins, widow of that very popular American who was a great personal friend of and adviser to the late President Roosevelt; the Earl of Listowel's youngest brother, the Hon. Alan Hare; Senateur Vincent Delpench, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Clark, Comtesse G. de La Rochefoucauld, and Viscountess Downe, who was there with her sister, who, unfortunately, hurt her leg during her stay.

I travelled home by the Golden Arrow, which was a most comfortable journey with good food, excellent service and every attention on the Flèche d'Or (the French section of the Golden Arrow), and on the Invicta, the last word in Channel steamers, where I saw, among my fellow-passengers Lord and Lady Leverhulme, returning from Paris; Sir Francis and Lady Winington from Monte Carlo—they were two of the many unlucky ones without sleepers—

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and Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt from St. Moritz.

And so on to the Golden Arrow at Dover until we steamed into Victoria right up to schedule.

My impression during my first post-war visit to France, was one of "plenty on one side of the street, with poverty on the other." As, although in most parts of France there is an open Black Market where you can buy anything from butter to rice—at a price—you frequently see notices on the grocers' doors, "no fats, no sugar, etc.," so that the average poor persons cannot even buy their legitimate rations. The sight of some of the children in the poorer parts of the town, looking thin and undernourished, made my heart ache. It was even sadder to see and feel that their elders seemed quite lethargic and resigned to the situation.

THE Victory (Ex-Services Club) Fund benefited by over £4000 from the première of *The Best Years of Our Lives*, at the Leicester Square Theatre. This is a good start towards the £50,000 needed to pay for and equip the new premises bought for this very badly-needed club in the centre of London, where men and women from the British Dominion and Allied forces living in London or passing through the capital will be sure of a welcome. The new premises are in Seymour Street and it is hoped to open the club this year. Mrs. Attlee is President of the Ladies' Committee of the fund and is working hard to help raise the money for this very good cause.

H.M. Queen Mary, looking very handsome in black, and accompanied by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, attended the première, which was a brilliant social event, with many members of the Diplomatic Corps present. The Royal Box was beautifully decorated with daffodils and mimosa, and with her Majesty and her son sat Mrs. Attlee and the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke.

In the audience I saw Col. and Mrs. Warren Pearl (Mrs. Pearl was chairman of the première), the Chinese Ambassador and his daughter, the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Bianchi, the Iraqi Ambassador and Princess Zaid-al-Hussein, Marie Marchioness of Willington, and Mrs. Ernest Bevin with Mrs. A. V. Alexander, who told me she and Mrs. Bevin had accompanied the Foreign Minister across the Channel on a destroyer and had come back that way, getting a nice sea breeze. Lady Burghley was escorted by Mr. Henry Stebbins, of the U.S. Embassy. Miss Anne Clifford, wearing a striking black cape, I saw with the Hon. Charles Stourton, whose very pretty sister, the Hon. Patricia Stourton, was also in the audience, as were Sir Edmund and Lady Paston-Bedingfeld, Capt. Gavin Welby, Mr. Denys and the Hon. Mrs. Lawson, Major Stanley Bates, the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson-Johnstone and Lord and Lady Leverhulme.



Bertram Park

Lady Mary Rose Williams gave birth to a daughter in February. Younger daughter of the late Viscount and Viscountess Ipswich, she is the wife of Mr. Francis Williams, of Truro



Mrs. Mark Wathen is the wife of Mr. Mark Wathen and a granddaughter of the late Sir James Fortescue Flannery, Bt. She has two children, Roderick, five, and Primula, six months



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. Noel Nigel Molesworth Denny, who was formerly Miss Justine Patricia Leyh, was married in January to Major N. N. M. Denny, M.C., 13/18th Royal Hussars

to Meet His Excellency the Mexican Ambassador



The Bolivian Minister, Señor Solares, and Lieut.-Colonel Scaife talking at the reception



H.E. the Venezuelan Ambassador, Señor Rodríguez Aspura, and Lady Huntingfield, wife of Lord Huntingfield



Princess Gaetano Parma-Bourbon with her daughter Diana at Corviglia, St. Moritz



Mrs. Simon Bonham-Carter believes in getting up early to avoid the crush!



Lady Dashwood, wife of Sir John Dashwood, at the finish of the popular Celerina run, St. Moritz



The Vicomte de Landsheere, Belgian Minister at Berne, with the Vicomtesse at Corviglia

The Elixir of the High Alps



Captain Leslie Saunders, D.S.O., R.N., of Market Harborough, and Mrs. Saunders at Davos



R. H. Schloss

Miss Barbara Ann Scott looking at Swiss souvenirs and toys in a Davos restaurant



The reigning Prince Francis Joseph of Lichtenstein and the Princess have been staying at St. Moritz



Prince Constantin of Lichtenstein with M. Rudolphe Zay were also among the visitors to St. Moritz



A Group at Chamonix

Back: Brig-General "Reggie" Kentish, Mr. Guy Carleton-Paget. Middle: Miss Vera Pelham Burn, a niece of Kathleen Countess Drogheda, Mrs. Carleton-Paget and Miss Duff. On ground: Viscount Reidhaven, Master John Carleton-Paget



M. Escalante, of Buenos Aires (vice-president of the Corviglia Club), Mme. van Ende and M. Carlo Fernandez

The Chief of the W.A.A.F. Gives a Cocktail Party



Air Chief-Commandant Hanbury, who gave the party on the occasion of the W.A.A.F. Standing Conference, and Controller M. J. C. Tyrwhitt, head of the A.T.S.



Mrs. J. M. Hanbury, mother-in-law of Air Chief-Commandant Hanbury, and Major Pat Hanbury, her cousin



Sqd. Officer L. Hulls and Wing Officer N. Dinnie chatting with Mr. Philip Noel-Baker, Secretary of State for Air



Lady Grant, her husband, Air Marshal Sir Andrew Grant, R.A.F., Director-General of Medical Services, and Sir John Conybeare



Wing Officer Lady Seton, wife of Sir John Hastings Seton, and Wing Commander Sinclair were also guests



Mr. T. C. Dugdale, R.A., the portrait painter, and Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Portal of Hungerford



Brig. W. P. Oliver and Lady Tedder, wife of Lord Tedder, Chief of the Air Staff



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert and Lady Renwick, wife of Sir Robert Renwick, Bt., the radio expert



Mrs. S. Wright and Air Chief Marshal Sir John Slessor, who is the Air Council Member for Personnel

First Night of "Romany Love" at His Majesty's Theatre



Lord Wakehurst, Mr. L. Roper, Miss Henrietta Loder, and Lady Wakehurst



Jack Hylton, who presented this colourful operetta, with Marie Burke, the actress



Dr. and Mrs. Raymond Williams. Mrs. Williams is Elizabeth French, the singer



The West Waterford Meet at Lismore Castle

Lismore Castle, which is the lovely home of Lady Charles Cavendish, widow of Lord Charles Cavendish, was the scene of a cheerful gathering when the West Waterford met there recently. Among those in the group are Lady Charles Cavendish, Mr. R. J. Mulcahy, M.F.H., and Mrs. Mulcahy, the Duchess of Westminster, Major and Lady Ursula Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Ian Villiers Stuart, Mrs. R. L. Keane, Mrs. Richard Keane, Col. and Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Astaire and Miss S. Dobbs. The West Waterford hunts well-stocked country round Cappoquin

O'Brien, Fermoy

Michael Kollman

An Irish Commentary

A Storm Blowing Up

THE other day the London *Times*, in its daily list of events of importance, included details of an Irish anti-Partition meeting, whilst reports have found their way into many other English papers. The question of Palestine and India has been discussed, both in public and private, and the comparison with Ireland has been inevitable; both countries have been faced with the possibility of partitioning among different races or religions.

During the war years the question of the partition of Ireland lay fairly dormant. It might have been raised after the return of the ports in 1938, but the catastrophe which swept Europe put this point of Anglo-Irish relations well in the background. Now as we approach the end of the second year of peace in Europe the question is raising its head again, and this time, if I am any prophet, that head will be kept raised until there is a solution. It is interesting to note that the most lively people in the campaign are not those of us who live in the twenty-six counties, but those of our fellow-countrymen who find themselves working outside our island in England, the United States and the Dominions.

THE unity of Ireland is a matter on which the greater number of the country are agreed. The opposition comes chiefly from those in power in the Six Counties of the north and a few reactionary magnates in the south, who feel that they do not want the competition of Belfast. Now for fear that I might be leading you astray, I think I should say at once that my own views are that an end must be brought to partition of this island, and I think that can only be done by the British Government. Partition was imposed by Britain in 1922 and now twenty-five years after the Treaty it is well time to reopen the matter again.

Not only is it, to my mind, wrong ethically and morally to have two Parliaments to rule 4,000,000 people, but also it means the doubling of Government offices and posts. The saving alone to the people of Ireland by unity would be considerable. I think the best comparison for the Englishman, who is unaware of the state of Ireland, is to ask him to imagine a Conservative Government sitting at Lewes governing England south of the Thames, where there is a Conservative majority, and a Labour Government sitting elsewhere to rule the north. The reactionaries in the south might well like this, but no one else would. In Ireland only the

reactionaries in the north like this dual system. But it does not rest there, for those in power in the north are settlers, planters, who since Orange times have felt it their duty to rule while giving their allegiance to others than the Irish.

I GIVE this slight introduction because last year I found many visitors from England who thought, first of all, the Irish and English were one and the same race, and did not realise that we have a grievance of such magnitude. Should the twenty-six counties enter U.N.O. it is certainly one of the first matters that may be raised.

But in the meanwhile, in England, the United States and the Dominions meetings are being held to discuss this matter. Recently public gatherings numbering 200 to 300 were held in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, besides many other centres, demanding the end of partition.

Now the general public do not all, as yet, know the names of the people behind this anti-Partition movement. It has the backing of the Irish Government, for the secretary of de

Valera's party has attended some of these rallies, but the names of MacBride and McSperran are perhaps the two which will first become known in England. MacBride is a name known in Irish politics, for he is a son of the National leader, Major MacBride, and his wife Maud Gonne. A brilliant young barrister, he is the founder of Clan na Poblacht, the new political party which has set up in opposition to the Government. The main object of the party is the unity of Ireland followed by a general tightening-up in the methods of government.

SEAN MACBRIDE is a senior counsel at the Dublin Bar, where he is known as a very brilliant lawyer. He is no fanatic. Another leader is Mr. McSperran, a Nationalist M.P. in Belfast and a King's Counsellor. The two Nationalist Members from the north who sit at Westminster, Messrs. Cunningham and Mulvey, who represent Fermanagh and Tyrone, are to be seen more frequently in the precincts of the House of Commons. Then there are the Labour members who form the Friends of Ireland Group in the House of Commons. The most active with his pen and his voice is Capt. Hugh Delargy, who has represented the Plating division of Manchester since 1945.

The Irish are well represented in the House of Commons, especially on the Government Benches. I do not think the Front Bench will be allowed to forget about this final Irish question; and, by the way, the House of Lords also contains a good percentage of Irishmen of all political shades who are unanimous in their desire for unity. One of the ways, perhaps, that attention will be drawn to this matter is by the successful film *Odd Man Out*. An Irish critic wrote the other day saying people must ask why this struggle between Johnny McQueen's men and the Ulster police had to go on, and quoted McQueen saying after years in gaol, "I wish our struggle could be dealt with in the Parliaments rather than in the gun fights in the backstreets."

I TRY in my commentary not to digress too much on politics, but I feel that this is the moment to draw attention to this facet of Anglo-Irish relations, for until it is settled there can never be the close co-operation between England and Ireland that we all wish for. This must be the only country in the world where the minority and the majority both sit in power, legislating independently.



Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore and the Hon. Mrs. Corbally-Stourton, who were both at a meet of the Royal Meath. The former is the wife of the Master of the Ward Union Stagbonds, and Mrs. Corbally-Stourton's husband is Col. the Hon. Edward Corbally-Stourton, of Corbally Hall, Co. Meath

Priscilla in Paris

Orange-Blossom Time

THE snow is on the ground again, we still have no daily papers, the butchers' shops are closed over the week-end (though quite a few Sunday joints have been handed out through the back doors after dark), and my last pair of nylons has sprung a leak. Nevertheless, I feel merry. The clatter of my typewriter always cheers me up, and even the prospect of a long drive over slippery roads with smooth, age-worn tyres does not depress me. Besides, I have been out and about to several wedding parties this week and I am going off to another when this is posted.

The reception given by M. and Mme. Jules Simon to celebrate the *fiançailles* of their only son, Jean-Claude, to Mlle. Marie-Arlette Gaillet, at their lovely flat overlooking the Seine to where the river winds to the far-distant slopes of the Mont Valerian, was a particularly brilliant affair. Nothing is lovelier than old furniture and tapestries in a modern setting, and beautiful flowers were massed in the long drawing-room and the big entrance hall.

Young people are making early marriages just now in this country. Marie-Arlette, a curly-headed brunette who looked very charming in a pale-yellow frock, polka-dotted with blue, is barely twenty, and Jean-Claude is only two years older, and the next day he was going up for a particularly difficult exam, for he intends to follow in his father's footsteps as a mining engineer. His mother wore a simple black, velvet tailored suit with wonderful diamond clips, and among the guests were His Excellency M. Laroche, who was Ambassador to Belgium before the war, Mme. Rosembert, who has just returned from Brazil, where she joined her family in 1940, having been obliged to fly from the Germans after doing a fine war job, and Mme. Germaine Beaumont, the novelist.

I ALSO saw Miss Ravn, whose gorgeous red-gold hair was unspoiled by any monstrous freak of the milliner's art, dark-eyed Mrs. Betty Kenward, very slim and chic in a deep red ensemble, the Marquise de Polignac in black Mme. Lucien Meyrargue, Mme. Jacques André just back from Morocco, where she had vile weather during the whole of her stay, Mme. Kissia Curel, who has such an adorable Russian accent, and Mme. Locré.

One evening last week I went to see Jean Cocteau's *L'Aigle à Deux Têtes*. I had missed the *première*, being away at the time, and if I miss a first-night performance it usually means that I never manage to see the play at all, but I was dragged—very willingly—to the Théâtre des Arts by a friend from London who had seen the English version at the Haymarket and wanted to compare notes.

Exception made for Miss Eileen Herlie's fine acting, exquisite voice and graceful movements, it seems that the scales dip in favour of the French production, which, after all, is as it should be. Of course, Edwige Feuillère is a brilliant actress, as well as being one of the most beautiful women of the stage and screen, and her frocks—designed by "Bébé" Bérard and made by Karinska—are dreams of loveliness, while Jean Marais is an excellent actor and extremely good-looking.

THE Théâtre des Arts was crowded. Just behind us sat Noël-Noël, the delightful screen actor of *Le Cage aux Rossignols* and *Le Père Tranquille* fame. He wore dark glasses and tried to hide behind one of the three-by-four-inch programmes that are all the Paris theatres can manage nowadays, quite vainly, however, for the autograph hounds rolled up in their dozens during the interval.

I also met an old friend whom I had not seen since '39. Dear "Bob," who used to run "Liberty's Bar" on the Place Blanche. In the far-off days before 1914, this was known as "Chez Palmyre," and Palmyre was one of the celebrities of the night life of Paris. Bob, or, rather, "Bobette" as he was fondly called, was one of the entertainers whose risqué songs were a great feature. Palmyre died after a long illness, devotedly nursed to the end by Bobette, who then took over the place.

Then happened World War One. Bobette became Bob again, did a man-sized job and was awarded the Croix de Guerre. He retired early in '39, having sold the bar and built a lovely house in the country not far from Paris. But since one can no longer live on an income that was more than adequate seven or eight years ago, he is getting back into harness and intends to open a place at Cannes for the summer; aperitifs, teas and *buffet-froid*, and as near all the old fun and fireworks as can be achieved these melancholy days.

Voilà!

● George Denis, the writer, has three adorable children. The two elder boys have decided views about their future. "I shall be a general," says Bertrand. . . . "And I shall be a doctor," declares Charlie. "What will you be, Baby?" Baby looks up through her curls and announces confidently: "I shall be pretty!"



Harry Pilcer, Gaby Deslys' dancing partner, whose home is on the Riviera, is a popular figure at Cannes



Mme. Bory, one of the best-dressed women in the world, photographed with her Pekingese, "Shiny"



Mme. Mathieu, the French tennis champion, drinks a cocktail on the hotel terrace



The Vizir Abdullah Ravidjee, agent for the Aga Khan in Madagascar, studies papers over an aperitif

A Quartet of Personalities Who Are Enjoying the Sunshine at Cannes



Princess Elizabeth, followed by Princess Margaret, returning from a ride along the beach at East London



Her Majesty the Queen at a garden-party given by the East London City Council



A young inhabitant of Queenstown, Capè Province, presents bouquets to the Royal party

A GIFT OF ROSES FOR THE QUEEN

This charming picture, one of the most delightful to reach Britain since the King and Queen arrived in South Africa, emphasises, as do those on the opposite page, that unaffected happiness which is the keynote of the Royal Tour. From the time the Royal Family landed at Cape Town it has been clear that this was to be no merely formal visit. There have been, it is true, ceremonies, receptions and addresses in plenty, many of them very magnificent. But transcending them all has been the sense of a warm family

kinship, freely expressed on both sides, which has made the tour a happening of immense moment in our Imperial relationship with the great Union.

At this trying time in the Home Country the value of the Royal Tour cannot be overestimated. Once again their Majesties—and, increasingly, the Princesses—have proved that they are our finest Ambassadors, and that wherever they go they are followed by a surge of affection for themselves and of confidence in Great Britain

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing

By ...

ANY future Mrs. Emily Post who feels that her survey of general etiquette is incomplete without an appendix on How to Conduct A Naval Mutiny Correctly will find Commander Kenneth Edwards' book on the Invergordon affair indispensable.

As the Commander, whose recent death we deplore, once remarked to us, Invergordon (1925) made the Mutiny of the Nore (1797) look like a vulgar Bohemian brawl. In 1925 nobody was pushed around by hairy, rum-braced, red-eyed, inarticulate matlows. There were no plank-walkings, keel-haulings, bilboes, or rump-and-dozens; no oaths, no roarings, and no homely round-robins smudged by tarry, illiterate thumbs. The mutineers at Invergordon tapped their complaints out neatly on portable Coronas, if we recollect rightly, no voice was raised above a polite murmur, and no Mr. Parker had to be hanged from the yardarm amid rolling drums at Sheerness.

Footnote

THE Invergordon atmosphere in fact was rather like that which charmed Mr. Midshipman Easy aboard H.M.S. Harpy. Marryat indeed could have merged into such a situation with perfect ease and grace. E.g.:

The master touched his hat and reported twelve o'clock to the first-lieutenant. The first-lieutenant touched his hat and reported twelve o'clock to the captain. The captain touched his hat and told the first-lieutenant to make it so. The officer of the watch touched his hat and asked the captain whether they should pipe to dinner. The captain touched his hat and said, "If you please."

"Sir," said the officer of the watch, touching his hat again, "before we pipe to dinner, the men desire to mutiny."

The captain touched his hat and desired the officer of the watch to desire the ringleaders to carry on. The midshipman received his orders and touched his hat to the head boatswain's mate, who touched his hat and whistled a cheerful call. On the lower deck the ringleaders touched their hats and bent to their typewriters (etc., etc.).

Possibly it wasn't quite as smooth as all that, but there was (unless we err abominably) no rough stuff whatsoever. How different from the crude modern Army method when the sergeant-major is five minutes late with the troops' bedside tea.



"There's such a fuss if he misses a Prom"



"Five l.b.w.'s in three overs—congratulations, Hobjoy!"

Twin

EXCEPT for its superlative cookery and the fact that its millionaires are silk and not cotton, Lyons may very reasonably be described, as a thoughtful Special Correspondent described it recently, as "the Manchester of France."

The two grim cities actually have quite a lot in common. Manchester has rain, Lyons has fog. Highbrowism is in the murky air of both. Manchester's *Guardian* boys oppress the populace with their tall white Liberal brows to-day just as Louise Labé and the other intellectuals of the Lyons School oppressed the populace in the Renaissance. Oddest of all, the typical Lyonnais and the typical Mancunian are almost exactly alike, being self-sufficient, angular, glum, scornful of the social graces, fond of the Dough, contemptuous of strangers, and possessing (when you know them) hearts of purest gold, as they hasten to assure you in both towns.

Afterthought

IF doomed to live in one or the other, one would probably choose Lyons, partly because of the food, partly because it has two noble great rivers, Rhône and Saône, into which obnoxious silk magnates (*soyeux*) are now and again flung by people who dislike them. Cotton magnates in Manchester have to be taken to London to be disposed of. Moreover, Lyons business men find time, amid their scrabbling for dough, to admit less ignoble passions, as Mlle. Labé reveals in a long love-poem beginning:

Quand vous lirez, ô Dames Lyonnaises,
Ces miens escrits pleins d'amoureuses noises . . .

In Manchester women are either toys or beasts of burden, despite their mournful beauty.



"This is the B.B.C. Home Service—where is the news?"

Contretemps

NEITHER Arnold of Rugby nor Dean Farrar (of *Eric*) would have greatly cared for that recent brawl between two prep. school headmasters. On the other hand Mr. Perrin, who tried to murder his colleague Mr. Traill, would have enjoyed it as much as the boys did. Two schools of pedagogic thought . . .

A shockin' free fight between the masters at Roslyn, Eric's school, is actually what Dean Farrar's masterpiece needs to balance all that secret drinkin' among the boys. Public school-masters nowadays are far too exhausted by the afternoon's games to be able to fight each other in the evening. At Roslyn the ridiculous modern frenzy for heart-cracking games did not exist. Those of the masters who were relatively sober could, therefore, conserve their energies for the hour before prayers and knock each other's blocks off on any day arranged.

What? Ah, yes. We'd forgotten Eric's father, Mr. Williams, that typical Victorian kill-joy, who'd have rushed in as usual, crying "Shame on you, boys. [prefects, masters, Governing Body] of Roslyn! I blush for you," etc., etc. However, one crashing left-hook from Matron in her rolled-up bombazine sleeves would finish Mr. Williams till the subsequent official inquiry, when he could rush in and cry "Shame on you, Headmasters' Conference!" (etc.).

Eric? He'd be making a book on the result with his little playmates and finishing another quartern of rum, bless his curly locks.

Feat

DETROIT, MICH., is probably the last place on earth where Whistler ever dreamed his black-and-gold nocturne *The Falling Rocket* would ultimately settle. Yet there it is, nestling right among the colossal Ford factories, in Detroit's Institute of Art, which has just acquired it for keeps.

Actually this picture has a curious, vague distant sort of connection with Big Business. If you look up the libel action against Ruskin which it caused (1878) you'll find a celebrated crack by Whistler under cross-examination:

"The labour of two days, then, is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?"

"No. I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime."

Does that recall anything? Surely those advertisements in every American magazine of the Keen Ambitious Young Executive facing a hardfaced Board of Directors and hitting them for six? Can't you hear some Keen Ambitious Young Artist using the same technique with the R.A. Qualifications Committee?

CHAIRMAN: Two days! Gentlemen, this is incredible!

ARTIST: No, sir. I merely trained myself in my spare time.

AN R.A.: Mr. Chairman, I guess we'll have to take on this keen young fellow as an R.A. (*Approving nods.*)

ANOTHER R.A.: He certainly shows a pretty swell efficiency.

(*Here a nasty old R.A. suddenly wakes up.*)

NASTY OLD R.A.: Mr. Chairman, is there any guarantee that if we take on this young fellow he won't be hanging in three weeks' time, as so often happens?

(Two aged R.A.s have a seizure. The Keen Young Artist modestly bridles.)

ARTIST: Well, sir, I guess that all you gentlemen might have been Presidents by now if you had only trained yourselves in your spare time.

There 'd probably be a little trouble over the implications of this, since the way R.A.s spend their spare time is often rather peculiar. But he 'd be P.R.A. all right. Efficiency tells.

Rap

MUCKY writing should at least have genius, one concludes from a recent banning for obscenity of a Eugene O'Neill play in the States, where they have exceptionally nice minds.

We know because we once contributed a preface to a popular edition of Rabelais which failed to get past the U.S. Customs. Eventually the Customs let it through, having possibly had their attention drawn to Etienne Gilson's *Rabelais Franciscain*, which soothingly explains these matters. Nevertheless, if it had been a work by Rabelais' chief imitator, the *Moyen de Parvenir* of Béroalde de Verville, the U.S. Customs would have been perfectly right, artistically speaking. Slogger de Verville is not merely mucky but mediocre. The same goes for *Forever Amber*, but not for *Ulysses*.

Forgive this crash into Miss Bowen's "territory," as we say in Gangland. It isn't so ill-mannered or dangerous a procedure as it seems. We have a working agreement with Two-Gun Boss Agate, for example, to cop off a film now and then, and "Socks" Sabretache lets us play the horses at times. Live-and-let-live is the motto in our inky underworld.

Contretemps

IF you were a bird you would undoubtedly be feeling, as we do, that a recently suggested International Birdwatchers' Congress can do no good, and may do great harm. The British birdwatching scandal of 1865 indicates this clearly.

Among alien birdwatchers admitted experimentally in that year was a slim young Andalusian gypsy with wild, flashing eyes named Conchita Perez, who wished (she said) to watch the puffins on Skomer Island, in the Bristol Channel. Birdwatching on that island came practically to a standstill, fighting took its place, thousands of eggs and birds were trampled on, and when the gypsy left to return to Spain some 26 British birdwatchers resigned, explaining to the *Feathered World* that there was only one bird they ever wanted to watch henceforth.

In 1866 travellers through the Sierra de Ronda complained of being held up and robbed by bandits with round blue eyes, pince-nez, and bowler-hats asking for the latest Test scores. In 1867 the alguazils of the Corregidor of Grenada and the Hermandad rounded up Conchita Perez and a contrabandista named H. Tomlinson, known as "El Roncador" from his habit of snoring all day long. It turned out that the birdwatchers of Skomer had accompanied La Conchita and taken to the High Toby in a body. A leading article in the *Times* censured their conduct as "un-English." The article ended: "The names of H. Tomlinson, Archibald Noakes, P. J. Grigsworthy, F. Smith, G. Smith, and — Pugsley will ring down the pages of British birdwatching history like a guttering torch and drown their erstwhile holders in perpetual infamy."



Study in Consternation at the Coliseum, where "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," adapted for the stage from the Walt Disney film, continues to give pleasure to young and old alike. In this scene Dopey (John Bennet) has been sent to investigate the bedroom, where an intruder is suspected. His noisy descent of the staircase alarms his companions, Doc (Micky Chapman), Sneezey (Joe Heritage), Sleepy (J. Hobson), Bashful (A. Goodwin), Happy (Jack Perry) and Grumpy (Monty Seal). Bruce Carfax plays the Prince and Betty Shaw is Snow White

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

SAMBO got a job as chucker-out at a restaurant, and, furthermore, guaranteed to collect any money that might be owed by patrons.

And Sambo made good. By his violent attitude, he forced four or five timid patrons to pay their debts. Then one day his boss noticed a negro across the street who owed him money.

Sambo raced over and grabbed the other man's arm, demanding why the money hadn't been paid.

"Cause," replied the man harshly, "Ah been in gaol fo' a murder ah committed. Now, whut was you' reason for stoppin' me?"

Sambo gulped. He licked his lips.

"De reason ah stopped you," he returned, nervously, "was jes' to tell you not to worry. Dat debt is outlawed!"

AN enthusiastic amateur gardener spent all his spare time pottering about the garden in his oldest clothes. One Saturday when his wife was giving a very formal tea, she gave him strict orders not to garden, saying he was just too disreputable-looking.

He took it very meekly, so she was completely bewildered when her guests looked out of the window and began shrieking with laughter. There on the lawn, pushing the lawn-mower in precise lines, turning corners with a click of his heels, was the head of the house—immaculately clad in white tie and tails!

THE actor Edmund Gwenn, who has appeared with distinction in so many films, tells the story of the day John Drew ordered kidneys for lunch at the club, and then repaired to the bar for a couple of short ones. A half-hour later a waiter sidled up and whispered discreetly to Drew: "I don't want to disturb you, sir, but your kidneys are spoiling."

Drew answered: "I've suspected that for years, but didn't realise it was visible to the naked eye."

A HORSE walked up to a bar and asked for a Martini with ketchup.

"Okay," said the bartender, and mixed it at once. After tossing off the drink with considerable and obvious relish, the horse leaned over the bar and said, "I suppose you think it is strange that I should come in here and ask for a Martini with ketchup in it."

"Oh, no," said the bartender, "I like them that way myself."

DO stop that whistling—it gets on my nerves," complained Smith to the man at the next desk at his office.

"But you live near a station and must be used to the trains whistling?" said the other.

"Yes," snapped the first, "but when I hear a train whistle, I know it is going away."

THE servant problem being what it is, a young housewife was delighted to hear that a strong and willing girl had just arrived from Lapland and was looking for a job. The girl readily consented to an interview, but it developed that she could neither cook, clean, take care of the children, nor do the laundry. The baffled housewife said:

"But what can you do?"

The young Lapp proudly answered: "I can milk reindeer."

IT was a dreadful wet night. Two men who had quarrelled went out into the rain to settle their differences. They fought until one got the other on his back and held him there.

"Will you give up?" he asked, and the reply was: "No."

After a time the question was repeated, but again the reply was "No."

"Then," said the other, "will you get on top for a while and let me get under? I'm getting soaked."

Scoreboard



SHORTLY before setting this column in motion I took a resounding crack on the dome from the door of a cupboard which has long been waiting its chance. That in itself is not news, as Noah said to the lady-elephant who complained of the damp on the third morning in the Ark, but it

recalled to what remained of my memory some stirring instances of sportsmen who have been sublimated from the mediocre to the heroic by a timely smack on the egg-shell.

We know wing-threequarters—if not, it's all the same—who in all ignorance have scored the winning try for England against Scotland; some will tell of full-backs who were unaware of having tricked ten men to shoot the decisive goal at Wembley till they chanced to read about it in the Monday newspaper.

I myself could speak of a Chess Champion who, whenever he was up the pole over a Sicilian Gambit seemingly Declined, had a hired assistant standing ready to give him a refresher with a gavel. And then, how the knights curvetted and the bishops zizzed.

BUT the most pleasing instance of Conquest by Concussion was afforded by an Oxford professor, my once-admired and unintelligible instructor in philosophy. Each summer, he went climbing in Switzerland; each summer, he proposed, vainly, to climb the Dent de Quelque-Chose. Then, one morning in August, as he ambled aimlessly among its foothills, a segment of rock, restless for change, detached itself from above, and landed on his doubting thoughts.

"At first," he said, "all the atmosphere turned blue. Then there came to me much clarity and great strength. I scaled, so I am told, the mountain to its summit, and returned to my hotel. I suffered nothing but a short bout of Aphasia. Aphasia is not, as might be supposed, speechlessness, but an affliction which causes the victim to say words that he does not intend. Thus, he would enter the breakfast-room of his

hotel and, instead of remarking to the latest arrival, 'Good morning, Mr. Parkinson,' he might say, 'Are you aware that your wife is already in love with the head waiter?'"

But that, as Edgar Wallace used to say every evening, is another story.

SALUTE and welcome; to the return, after more than seven years, of our contemporary, *Golf Illustrated*; fresh air, in a world going rancid with bad temper and bad sense. Produced in snowstorms and by candlelight, it is warm with hint of summer and earned delights. "Winged Foot"—"Mamaroneck"—"White Plains." Names, of fancy and beauty, whence will come some of the United States golfers to dispute our possession of the Walker Cup in May.

Of our own golf-links, which name sounds the clearest call of freedom? I should plump for Westward Ho!; where John Henry Taylor carried for Colonels, and learnt to swing, and grew towards greatness.

ON Saturday, the Boat Race; watched by hundreds of thousands; for nothing, but old time's sake. I wonder if my old friend, the Nodder, will again be amongst those present on the tow-path. Each year, from 1924 to 1936, he appeared just before the start at Putney Bridge, and nodded twice at the Oxford crew. Each year, Cambridge won. In 1937, he nodded twice, from the same spot; and Oxford won. I'd like to know the secret. Meanwhile, I must write rude prophecies to my old friend and enemy, the Cambridge rowing vicar at Henley-upon-Thames. Sharper away with the hands there, No. 6. More leg-drive, you ugly bunch.

NOTICE.—The W.A.A.F. have formed a Golfing Society, and hope that ex-Waafs as well as serving members will take part in a programme of matches and a Spring Meeting. Personnel who are interested should get in touch with the Honorary Secretary, W.A.A.F. Golfing Society, R.A.F. Staff College, Bracknell, Berks.

R. R. Roberts Glasgow.

Dulwich Have a Fine Rugger Record

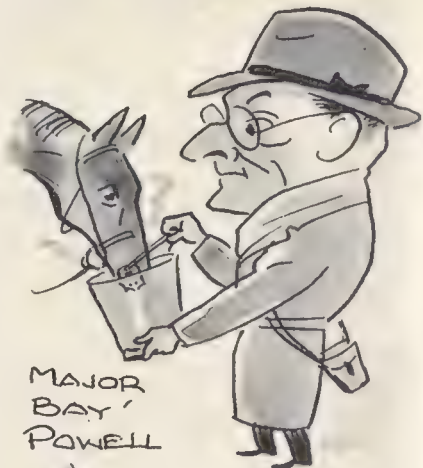


D. R. Stuart

Dulwich College rugby team is at the time of writing unbeaten this season. Standing: R. L. Mayrick, R. G. Jones, J. R. Goldsmith, J. A. C. Bentall, J. L. Jealous, B. M. Cox, G. L. Ogilvy, R. C. Clarke, G. I. White. Sitting: J. B. Evans, P. J. R. Byford, J. F. Mockford (captain), R. R. Maddison, J. R. Aldous. On ground: M. Godfrey, E. H. S. Woodward



MR JIMMY RANK KNOCKING AT THE DOOR



Grand National Personalities as Seen by "The Tout"

Pictures in the Fire

Sabretoche

IT is now necessary to attempt to put the possible field for this year's Grand National through the sieve, and though statistics, as a general rule, are dull things, in this present exceptional case they may be helpful. Aintree is a supreme test, and in attempting to assess the chance of any competitor it is practically imperative to discard anything that he may have done elsewhere, and to look only at how he has performed over the big obstacles.

So now to some details, and I think that the following little lists may at any rate be interesting. The first one I would preface by "Interference by loose horses, especially from Valentine's in the second time round, always to be considered." This is very necessary in considering things, for the pest was worse than usual. So here goes!

Ran Last Year

LOVELY COTTAGE (after jumping well all the way, won it, and had gone just as far as he wanted to); Jack Finlay (second: came with a late run, was staying on well, and was the fresher of the first two); Prince Regent (third: led over the last fence, after having had a very rough passage over the last 1½ miles); Housewarmer (fourth: about 10 to 12 lengths behind the winner; jumped well, and was in, or near, the fighting line most of the way, but was a beaten horse after Valentine's the second time, and finished very tired); Schubert (fifth: jumped impeccably as usual; well in it with a chance until after Becher's the second time); Limestone Edward (sixth: ran prominently and jumped well; was beaten shortly after Becher's the second time; had a rough passage, like most of the rest of the leaders); Gyppo (fell at Valentine's the second time, but until then had been well in the hunt); Silver Fame (fell at the second fence going into the country second time); E.P. (refused at Becher's the second time); Bogskar and Dunshaughlin (both fell at the same fence the second time round going into the country); Bricett (fell second time round at the fence after Becher's, a big flying obstacle; had run and jumped well until then); gallant old MacMoffatt (fell second time round: better luck this time); Musical Lad (fell—never very prominent); Jock (fell and since scratched); Tulyra (fell at Becher's second time); Kami (fell at The Chair the first time round; not impressive); Lough Conn (fell most unaccountably at second fence in the country after cutting out most of the work until then; a most promising performance—and his jockey said that he would have skated in but for this mishap. He is a bit in front of his bridle, and I should think not everybody's money, and so there is always the doubt as to whether he may not run himself out. He did this at Leopardstown the other day in a 3-mile chase and, of course, he may do the same thing again at Liverpool; but he did go more than three-quarters of the way and his fall was not due to faulty jumping: he saw a hole in the fence and went for it, as horses will do; landed unbalanced, and down he went); Yung Yat (fell at the first fence, which also got Elsie and Astrometer).

Likely Trio

So much for what the horses engaged again this year did last year. Of those outside the six that finished, I give the palm at once to Lough Conn and Bricett. When the former led over the water, and went out into the country jumping beautifully, he looked very like the goods. There may be many a worse outside bet. Bricett has plenty of friends in the north—a very nice cut of a steeplechase horse. They said he had no luck with the loose horses last year, and I can well believe it, for they were as thick as flies round honey at the time of his misfortune.

If forced to look past last year's winner, Jack Finlay and Prince Regent in the above list of veterans, I should pick Lough Conn, Housewarmer and Bricett as a likely trio. Now for those which did not run last year, but are

engaged to have a shot at the fences on March 29th.

The Newcomers

IT is proposed to confine this list strictly to performances over Aintree, and it is convenient to commence with the events at the Grand National meeting last April. Luan Casca won the Stanley Chase, 2 miles 3 furlongs 100 yards, virtually once the circuit of the course, with 11 st. 12 lbs. very comfortably; he was well up all the way, but nearly came it at Becher's, his only mistake. The Flyer, not engaged this year, was second, and Gormans-town, the favourite, a bad third, and nearly down at the Anchor Bridge fence, a big and awkward place.

All three were at level weights. Brick Bat, who is engaged this year in the National, was a poor fourth; War Risk, the subsequent Grand Sefton winner, fell. It was his first sight of Aintree. Red April ran in the Becher Chase, 2½ miles, on the same day, April 6th, and fell early on at the water.

Next we move on to Aintree last November, the occasion closest to the present one. We can skip the first day, when Prince Regent won the Champion Chase, 2 miles 7½ furlongs, after a not quite unblemished performance. Only three ran, the other two fell, MacMoffatt being remounted and finishing the course a fence behind. War Risk, who, as recorded, fell in the Stanley Chase, won the Grand Sefton, 2 miles 7½ furlongs, in very good style, and though some think that he was tiring, my own reading is that he had the result in his pocket from Becher's in. He never laid an iron on one of them.

Other Performances

THE others hardly matter. Musical Lad, who was second, never looked like beating the winner; Yung Yat was fourth; Schubert was sixth; Silver Fame, Lord Bicester's National candidate, came down at the one after Valentine's; E.P. was brought down after being prominent in the early part of the contest. On the next day Miss Dorothy Paget's National selection, Housewarmer, gave us just as good a display of jumping in the Molyneux Chase, 2 miles 3 furlongs and 50 yards, as War Risk had done over the longer distance of the Sefton. He won without being called upon from Brick Bat and Prattler.

Lastly, on November 9th, Martin M. won the Valentine Chase, 2 miles 6 furlongs, from Clyduffe, who was carried very wide by a loose horse at the Canal Turn fence. He lost lengths; he was beaten only 1½. The conclusion is obvious. To sum up, I think War Risk's Sefton is to be preferred to Housewarmer's Molyneux, and this in spite of this horse's National performance. The weights were virtually the same. I believe War Risk and Lough Conn to be two very likely outsiders, and I think both may be relied upon to jump the course, whatever else they may not do.

It would be a poor compliment to a gallant horse to look past Prince Regent. Jack Finlay, whose size is not against him, might quite easily be upsides with Lovely Cottage once again; in fact, he might be in front of him, but it is all such a toss up. Schubert is sure to get round, and so will Housewarmer, unless they get knocked over. And, on the whole, the field looks to be a better one than it was last year, and I am sure we are going to see a great battle, frost permitting.

HUNTING NOTES.—Owing to the lengthy cold spell, and the consequent cancellation of meets, Hunting Notes do not appear this week. They will be resumed as soon as hunting gets into its swing again



Cambridge Bring in Their New Boat

The Cambridge crew after the first practice with their new boat at Putney. Left (top to bottom): A. S. F. Butcher (Queen's), W. A. D. Windham (Christ's), N. S. Rogers (Jesus), A. P. Mellows (Clare). Right: G. C. Richardson (Magdalene), I. M. Lang (Caius), P. J. Garner (King's), and D. J. C. Meyrick (Trinity Hall)



A sleigh à la Russe and a cabriolet of 1829; drawings from "The Horseman's Year" (Collins; 10s. 6d.)

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Manservant and Maidservant"

"The Return to the Farm"

"The Farm Théotime"

"Sophy Valentine"

"**M**ANSERVANT AND MAIDSERVANT," by I. Compton Burnett (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.), is far from being a treatise on one topical problem. Like all other Compton Burnett novels, it is set back in time—but is not, in its interest, "period": it offers us an analysis of the master-and-servant relationship while the latter was still in full force, and the value of the analysis remains timeless.

Miss Compton Burnett has, as it were, sliced through a late-Victorian household, of which she offers us a cross-section with every cell active and every nerve exposed. She is, here as always, fundamentally truthful at the expense of realism—and is that, on consideration, a very grave expense? It is easy to sketch in types, to develop their comicalities and to make them "lifelike"—this is often, and, on the whole, successfully, done by our other novelists, and can suffice as realism. But this author is unique in her way of working: she aims not at exterior life-likeness, but at the essentials of inner life. Her characters are larger than life-size, and superhumanly articulate. Irrespective of age and class, they express themselves with a devastating lucidity. At the same time, no one of them ever says anything that is not, internally, in character. Also, each utterance conveys the immense importance it has had for the speaker. The most prosaic domestic context (such as a fire smoking) evokes the statement of a poetic truth.

Like the foregoing novels, *Manservant and Maidservant* is written almost wholly in dialogue—with compact inset paragraphs of description. Here, for instance, we have the opening passage:—

"Is that fire smoking?" said Horace Lamb.

"Yes, it appears to be, my dear boy."

"I am not asking what it appears to be doing. I asked it if was smoking."

"Appearances are not held to be a clue to the truth," said his cousin. "But we seem to have no other."

Horace advanced into the room as though his attention were withdrawn from his surroundings.

"Good morning," he said in a preoccupied tone, that changed as his eyes resumed their direction.

"It does seem that the fire is smoking."

"It is in the stage when smoke is produced. So it is hard to see what it can do."

"Do you really not understand me?"

"Yes, yes, my dear boy. It is giving out some smoke. We must say that it is."

Horace put his hands in his pockets and caused an absent sound to issue from his lips. . . .

"Has that fire been smoking, Bullivant?"

"Well, sir, not to say smoking," said the butler, recoiling before the phenomenon. "Merely a response to the gusty morning. A periodical spasm in accordance with the wind."

"Will it put soot all over the room?"

"Only the lightest deposit, sir. Nothing to speak about," said Bullivant, keeping his eyes from Horace as he suggested his course.

This takes place at, or at the approach to, breakfast, in a country house thirty miles inland from the east coast. The year of the

occurrence can be established, if you care to work it out, by a given clue: Mortimer, in the course of the inauspicious meal, announces:—

"I have lived in this house for fifty-four years. Fifty-four years to-day. I was born in eighteen hundred and thirty-eight."

"Do you mean that it is your birthday?" said Horace.

"No, no, not that, my dear boy, nothing like that. Just that I was born in this house fifty-four years ago."

"Many happy returns of the day," said Horace.

The relation between Horace and Mortimer—and, indeed, much of their two characters—is to be, from the start, inferred. They are first cousins: Horace is the master of the house; Mortimer, penniless and without occupation, is Horace's pensioner, familiar and confidant. Money, necessary for the somewhat comfortless upkeep of the establishment, comes from Horace's wife Charlotte, who is an heiress. A permanent fourth in the adult part of the household is Emilia, Horace's and Mortimer's unmarried aunt. Mortimer and Charlotte, it is to appear, are nourishing an illicit passion for one another, and propose to elope: the situation between them has been perceived by everybody except Horace. Downstairs, or at the other side of the service door, we have Bullivant, his subordinate the boy George, the cook, Mrs. Selden, and her minion, the orphaned kitchenmaid Miriam—there are two housemaids also, but these remain off-stage.

Upstairs, in the chilly and stressful nursery, are the five Lamb children, ranging down in age from thirteen to seven. Early on in the story, a tutor for the children is introduced: Gideon Doubleday's intimidating mother, Gertrude, and eager-to-be-realised sister Magdalen are soon to take up their parts in the close-knit plot. Nor can there be overlooked the emergence of Miss Buchanan, who, as a sideline to her small village shop, provides an accommodation address for letters—undeterred by the fact that, having "spent her youth at a time when education was available, but could be avoided," she is unable to read.

So much for the lay-out of this novel: its possibilities I have tried to suggest; its plot I will not reveal. Confirmed Compton Burnett readers, an ever-widening circle, will acclaim this as one of the finest—in fact, I think, very possibly, the finest—so far. In her to-and-fro course between drawing-room (or dining-room), nursery and kitchen, in her needle-fine pinning



Jumping for the Victory Cup at the White City, from "The Horseman's Year, 1946-1947," an attractive miscellany on every aspect of horsemanship, edited by Lt.-Col. W. E. Lyon. It is intended to make it an annual issue. Besides articles by nearly a score of experts, it contains much valuable reference data and the pictures have been chosen with taste and intelligence

down of the outlook and feeling of each of the three groups, and of the interaction between the three, Miss Compton Burnett is at her most masterful and extraordinary.

Those so far unacquainted cannot do better than start here, with *Manservant and Maid-servant*, then read back. Flashes of Lewis Carroll now and then quiver on the horizon of this terrain—which is unique, lives by its own laws and has a climate quite of its own.

"THE RETURN TO THE FARM" (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.) is the sequel—and what a dramatic one!—to Robert Henry's *A Farm in Normandy*. Between the two books—the way of life that they stand for and their actual writing—have supervened the war years; marked, on the author's part, by the production of his now famous wartime London trilogy. Indeed, as a body, Mr. Henry's work gives us history from the impressionistic, intimate point of view. It is work distinguished by sincerity and vividness: by exactly such things as he puts on record shall we remember these last years.

The "village in Piccadilly" and the Normandy farmhouse were, in space not so far apart; but from summer 1940 up to the liberation of France, an impassable iron curtain was to divide them. Philip and Madeleine Reyhen (of *The Foolish Decade* and *The King of Brentford*) knew nothing, during the Occupation, of the fate of their French home, at which their son had been born. From all the little dramas of Normandy country life, which had enclosed and affected them, they were cut off. Worst of all, Madeleine's mother, Mrs. Bernard, unable to get her exit visa in time, had had to stay behind in France—nothing was heard of her; could it be that nothing was to be heard of her again?

The anxiety of those in nominal safety, the precarious and painful existences of those in Occupied lands were part of the dreadful aggregate of war. Now, there are at least some happy endings—friends reunited, silences made up for, homes regained. On stories of returns and meetings—again it is pleasurable to dwell—though both, in their own way, may be emotional ordeals. It takes courage to reopen the book of life—and with what poignancy can a beloved place, a house, a stretch of countryside, a lane-corner fraught with associations, speak! This story of one such return may be read by many who have lived through the same experience: that it will ring true I cannot doubt.

The book is autobiography—masked by being told in the third person: Mr. and Mrs. Reyhen are the author and his wife. The impersonality and modesty of the disguise is in itself likeable; yet, I could wish in this case that no possible confusion with fiction need have been risked—for, *The Return to the Farm's* being true, its dealing with real-life happenings is important. The book, I mean, is a document: one cannot have too many.

First Mrs. Bernard—solitary, frail, but resourceful—then Philip, from London, then Madeleine make their ways back. The farmhouse (half-timbered, built in the sixteenth century) still stands, on its plateau overlooking the sea, half-way between Deauville and Cabourg. The remembered peace of meadows and orchards and thatched outbuildings surrounds it: it is intact, yes, but stripped and defiled within. And there hangs about it a grim and shameful story—a story whose real facts the Reyhens cannot, for some time, disentangle from local hints and rumour.

The author has commented, early, on the resemblance of his Normandy peasant neighbours

BOWEN ON BOOKS

to Maupassant characters; and, alas, Maupassant himself could not have devised a more frightful tale than that of the betrayal of Goguet père to the Nazis by his hostile wife and "wizard" father-in-law. The Goguets, as the Reyhens' employees, had been, in 1940, left in charge of the farmhouse. Now, the hunt of collaborationists is up; Mme. Goguet and her eldest son are arrested.

Elsewhere, however, loyalties have stood firm: in the main, the village of Villers-sur-Mer is unsullied: old friends and trustworthy neighbours hail the returning family on all sides. There have been tragedies—vanished sons and daughters, the death of Maître Vincent's wife and children in the bombardment of Caen—but, as a whole, *The Return to the Farm* is a happy book. . . . Not its least charming passage is Madeleine's first view of Paris after the war.

WITH *The Farm Théotime* (Francis Aldor; 12s. 6d.) we pass from autobiography to fiction, from Normandy to Provence. This is the French prize-winning novel of Henri Bosco, of whom, in his own country, more and more people talk. French taste for "regional" literature is increasing: even apart from this, M. Bosco is a considerable artist in his own right.

In translation (which, here, is the work of Mervyn Savill) M. Bosco's style acquires, from time to time, a mystical torridity which can be overpowering: his characters, stark and charged with passion, have much in common with the Provençal scene. Pascal, solitary inhabitant of Théotime, has as enemy-neighbour his cousin Clodius; he is visited by his childhood's enemy-love, yet another cousin, Geneviève—who, victim for years of the fatalities of her own temperament, regains her innocence at the farm. The Aliberts, a peasant family employed by Pascal, are, humanly speaking, pure

gold. . . . There are sometimes intensely beautiful, sometimes frightening accounts of country scenes—harvesting, a stampede of wild boars, work in the vineyards, a day among the hills.

The Farm Théotime is essentially a poetic novel, and should be read as such. For readers able to take it (and all may not) it should provide experience of a new, troubling kind.

"SOPHY VALENTINE" (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.) is the second novel of D. A. Ponsonby, author of *The Gazebo*. The

success of the first book might have made the second an anti-climax—happily, this is far from being the case; in fact, I think Miss Ponsonby's flair for the eighteenth century and her unusual grasp of human nature come out even more strongly here. Her two central characters, Sophy herself and her cousin, Toby Bevil, are, somehow, fascinating, and their fortunes provide a love and adventure story as totally unconventional as it is convincing.

The plain, domineering eldest daughter of a proud county family, and the sensitive, recalcitrant little boy who is reared by the Valentines as a poor relation grow up, as the story develops, into a couple inextricably (and for some time, on one side, lovelessly) involved with one another. Incidentally, I should like to protest against the blatant inaccuracy of the publisher's plot-summary on the wrapper! The flight to America was far from being a romantic escapade. . . . The scenes at Bath, in the King's Bench Prison, on the Maryland tobacco estate and in witch-hunting New England are first-rate. Grim (like its heroine), but at the same time moving, *Sophy Valentine* is a book you will not forget.



Mrs. Nigel Turner with her children, Georgina and David. She was Miss Diana Ball, and is the daughter of Sir Joseph Ball and the wife of Mr. Nigel Turner, whom she married in spring 1939



Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid is the wife of Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, D.S.O., M.C., of Somerhill, Tonbridge, Kent. She is the eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Charles Nicholl. With her are her two children, Sarah and Chloe



Mrs. Heathcoat-Amory and her children, Michael and Amanda. She is the widow of the late Major Gerald Heathcoat-Amory, and has just announced her engagement to Lieut.-Col. Roderick Heathcoat-Amory, M.C.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

On Columbia DX. 1340-1341 those distinguished pianists Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson have made two records of undoubted interest. Miss Bartlett has arranged for this "Elizabethan Suite" a number of pieces from The Fitzwilliam Virginal Book. I particularly enjoyed "Variations on Byrd's 'John, Come Kiss Me Now'" and "The Fall of the Leaf, Tower Hill Jigge, Tune for Two Virginals." Appreciating, as I do, the arrangement and execution of this work, I can't help feeling that, badly though we need expert recordings of Elizabethan music, the piano is not the instrument upon which to present them. R.T.



Bayne-Jardine — Pearse

Captain David Bayne-Jardine, R.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Bayne-Jardine, of Collington Lane, Bexhill, married Miss Pamela Pearse, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Pearse, of Green Harbour, Bexhill, at St. Alban's Abbey



Carey — Iredell

The wedding took place recently at St. Mary's Church, Gillingham, of Sub-Lieut. (A.) John Nigel Carey, R.N., and Miss June Elizabeth Iredell, only daughter of Air Vice-Marshal Sir Alfred Iredell and Lady Iredell, of Peacemarsh House, Gillingham, Dorset

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Dannreuther — Watson

Mr. I. A. Dannreuther, R.A., son of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. E. Dannreuther, of Windycroft, Hastings, married Miss April Watson, younger daughter of the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Watson, of Clarendon Crescent, Edinburgh, in Edinburgh



Gordon — Williamson

Mr. James Gifford Gordon, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gifford Gordon, of Beechbank, Bromborough, Wirral, Cheshire, married Miss Margaret Williamson, daughter of Sir James and Lady Williamson, of Highdown, Hindhead, Surrey, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Forbes — Barrett

Major Michael Forbes, K.O.S.B., only son of the late A. W. Forbes, D.S.O., R.M., and of Mrs. J. G. Aitchison, of Ashfield House, Midhurst, Sussex, married Miss Phoebe M. Barrett, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel C. G. J. Barrett, and Mrs. Barrett, of Southsea



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Fashion Page by Winifred Lewis

"NEVER SO FAIR"

Left: Christian Dior's black satin with gigantic white organdie bows and detachable white bolero

Left: A white roll collar and epaulettes on a navy afternoon dress with a draped overskirt. Jacques Fath

Below: Coolie influence appears in a coruheel straw worn with Christian Dior's sheer black suit edged with fringe

Left: Vast fullness characterises many of the hip-length jackets worn over pencil-slim skirts in the Christian Dior Collection

TO these jaded eyes clothes at the Paris Spring dress shows were never more stimulating.

Never has the French genius for line and for versatility of detail been more forcibly united with an over-all impression of charm.

From it all, the tubular line emerges strongly from an infinite variation of drapery centred about the hip-line. The tendency is to imprison legs and

shoulders with drapes, bustles and even discreet padding at the hips, emphasising doll-like waists.

Over pencil-slim skirts, hip-length jackets, modelled like tents, are cut to swing with exaggerated fullness from the shoulders, or have their fullness controlled by wide belts nipping the waistline.

Skirt lengths have dropped 2 ins. and more. Necks for day wear are high, hugging the throat or

cut to a deep and dangerous V. Colouring is subtle rather than startling. Patou emphasises navy and white; Christian Dior's particular genius for colour is expressed in pastels with a will-o'-the-wisp evasiveness. Hats are excitingly feminine with huge and shady straws competing with flat pillboxes perched, cap-fashion, and tied under the chin with net or chiffon.



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Spring

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Harlip

Mrs. A. G. Agnew, who is to be married in April to Direktor Harro Sandgren of Gullebdt, Udenäs, and of Gothenburg, Sweden. Mrs. Agnew is the widow of the late Major Andrew Agnew, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and the elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Conyers-Baker



Pearl Freeman

Miss Susan Gillian im Thurn, W.R.N.S., is the youngest daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. im Thurn, of Dawn House, Winchester. She is to be married on March 29 to Lt. David Edward Balme, D.S.C., R.N., second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Balme of Rotherfield Greys, Oxfordshire



Cooper, Northampton

Miss Pamela Anne Mary Horrell, only daughter of S/Ldr. and Mrs. A. L. Horrell, of Raunds, Northamptonshire, is engaged to Major Roy Forrester Sykes, the Northamptonshire Regiment, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. V. H. Sykes, of Raunds, Northamptonshire

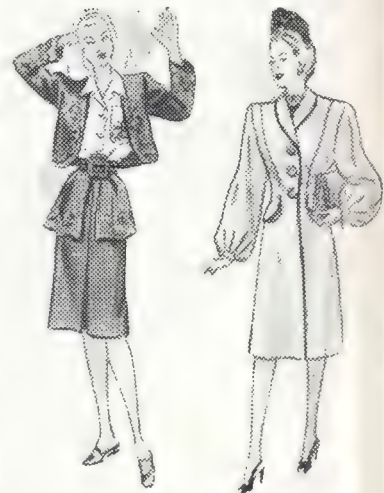


Miss Gladys Alice Foster, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Foster of Addiscombe, Croydon, Surrey, who is marrying Mr. Warneford Chapman, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman of Jarrow-on-Tyne



Miss Jaqueline Hawkins, and her fiancé **Mr. C. V. D. Rousseau** of the American Embassy, Paris. Miss Hawkins is the only daughter of Major-General and Mrs. Hawkins of Thomsons Falls, Kenya. The marriage was arranged to take place yesterday

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Oliver Steward on FLYING

WHETHER bigness is a merit is always a vexed question. There seems to be general agreement that the large size of the *Queen Elizabeth* makes for more comfortable and more luxurious travelling than can be had in any other way. Does the same thing apply to aircraft?

The Brabazon I, which I had a chance of looking at the other day, is certainly big. It is so big that those of us who have been brought up with aircraft find it difficult to appreciate the special problems involved in the building. The Bristol people, for instance, have had to design for moving the bits and pieces just as they design a wing or a fuselage.

Moving the fuselage and centre section out of the immense hangar where they are now being assembled is a process requiring a special turntable for one pair of undercarriage wheels, a special tractor and special pulleys and hauling points. Yet when the move is made there will only be a clearance of about 25 centimetres at the tailplane, centre section and dorsal-fin section.

Room to Stretch

WHEN the aircraft is outside we have all heard of the villages that are to be obliterated in order to give it an adequate runway length and of the immense new erecting hall that is being built for future models. And when it is all done, what will the passenger get? Why is he more likely to travel in a Brabazon I than in smaller aircraft?

The theory is—and as yet it remains a theory—that the additional space will give both confidence and comfort. And one does get an impression of comfort when walking through the large cabins and lounges. My only criticism is that the window area is extremely small.

Another Bristol machine, the Wayfarer, has shown that passengers do like to have space and especially head-room. The Wayfarer is rather noisy in the cabin, but everyone who has spent time in it on a



Miss Rosemary Rees, M.B.E., daughter of the late Sir John D. Rees, M.P., preparing to deliver a Miles Gemini to a private owner. She was a prominent member of the Air Transport Auxiliary during the war

long journey mentions with appreciation the great amount of headroom.

Anyhow the Brabazon I is a fine effort and the enthusiasm of all who are working on it is infectious. My personal decision is that it is a worthwhile experiment, but, as yet, not more than an experiment. I do not know whether the extremely large landplane will be successful. On the other hand, I feel complete confidence that the very large flying boat will be successful if it is given a chance.

Taxi by Air

THE daily papers at the time printed the amusing story of the taxi and the Bristol Freighter during its American tour, but they did not give the delightful embellishments provided by the crew of the aircraft when they tell the story.

They had put the Freighter down at Oakland and stayed in San Francisco. The next day they took a taxi out to Oakland and on the way offered to bring the taxi man, Earl Plessman, back in his cab in the Freighter. The "boss" had to be rung up and insisted that if the taxi were to be flown back, waiting time would have to be paid . . . or so the story goes.

But he relented and cab and driver were packed into the Freighter and flown back. The taxi-man was pleased first because it was his birthday, second because he had only once been up in an aeroplane before and third because it saved him 35 cents bridge toll.

The film of the Freighter's tour, by the way, is particularly good and I hope that when it has been appropriately cut and edited with maps and the rest of it, it will be made available for public exhibition.

The Prince

PERCIVAL aircraft have been doing good business since the war. They attracted an enormous amount of attention at the Paris Show and they have been keeping up their rate of progress since. The Percival P.50, which was announced a week or two ago and is to be called the "Prince," is a twin-engined aircraft to carry eight or ten passengers. It is a private venture machine and the power is to be supplied by two Alvis Leonides engines.

There should be a considerable market for this kind of middle-sized aircraft. In fact I would say that it is about the only assured market. We cannot tell yet what will happen to the light aeroplane as we have known it in the past, nor to the larger machines; but there is no sign of any falling off in the demand for the middle-size aeroplane.

Which brings me back to my first point: is there an optimum passenger aircraft size, and if so what is it? Is it related to length of journey or density of traffic? Anyhow the stage is now being set and soon we shall begin to see the answers.

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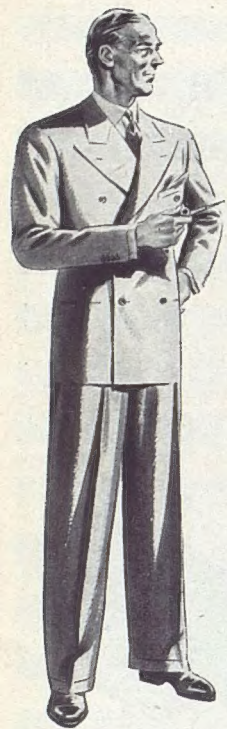
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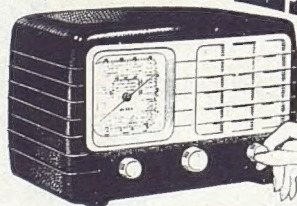
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Woman



— the enigma

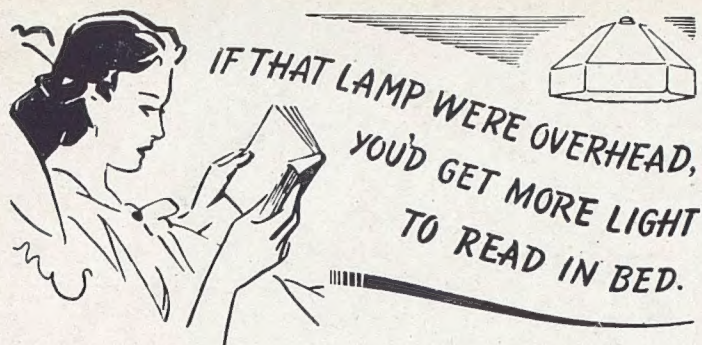
Woman is not really interested in man. Nor is she too interested in money. Success or failure means nothing at all to her. If woman challenges these dogmas she has her motive for doing so—but it won't necessarily be because she disagrees. Man has no chance in "intellectual" combat with woman. She lives for life—possibly the blindly obedient servant of some enigmatic feminine Goddess. In her ceaseless striving to achieve ravishing beauty, there is no clear motive. In her choice of Personality Turtle Oil Soap, as a helpful means to this end, there obviously is.

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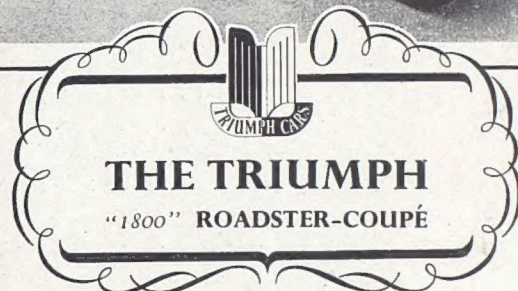
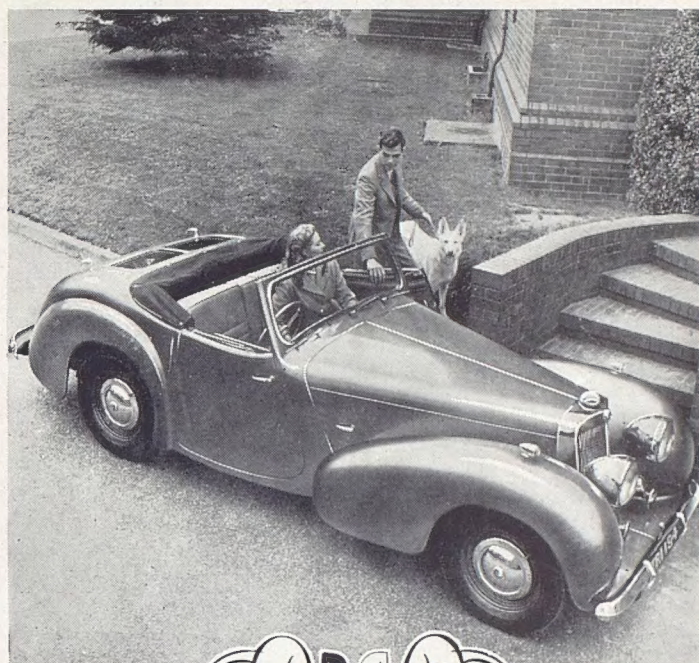
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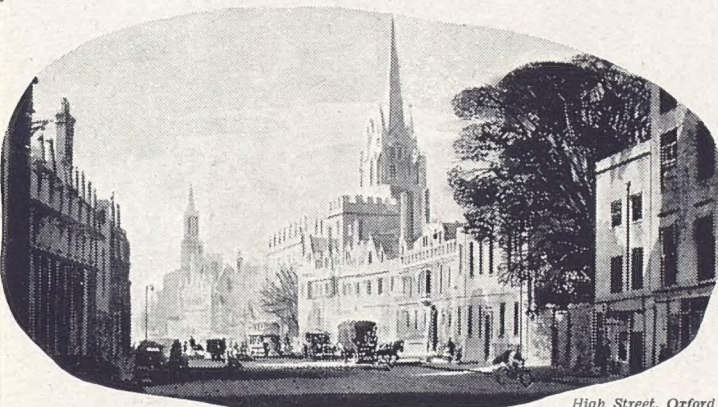
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